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The Canterbury Poets.

EDITED BY WILLIAM SHARP.

CAVALIER AND COURTIER LYRISTS.

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SEE CATALOGUE AT END OF BOOK.

CAVALIER AND COURTIER LYRISTS: AN ANTHOLOGY OF 17TH CENTURY MINOR VERSE: EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY W. H. DIRCKS

AND NOTES BY

E. SHARWOOD SMITH.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
LONDON AND NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
NEW YORK: 3 EAST 14TH STREET.

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INTRODUCTION.

NYMPH. *Why sigh you, swain? This passion is not common.*
Is't for kids or lambkins?
SHEPHERD. *For a woman.*
—RANDOLPH.

THE present selection of verse from the minor poets who wrote between the accession of Charles I. and the death of Charles II. (1625-1685) makes no profession of being exhaustive, or other than sufficiently arbitrary and capricious. Within the limits of this small volume it would hardly have been possible to make an adequately representative selection, and such has not been the object; the verse which has been chosen is all more or less of a particular *genre*, and the work of the different verse-writers of the period here gathered together has been drawn

upon in so far as it falls fairly well within the general scheme of this volume, as ultimately determined. To have mingled the strains of hymns and serenades would have tended to discord; to avoid complications of arrangement sacred lyrics have not been included. Lyrists like Crashaw and Vaughan are represented, therefore, only very slightly and in secular contributions; and a few others who wrote copiously and on a variety of themes, are also but slightly represented. The collection of verse in this volume, though not comprehensively representative, will nevertheless, perhaps, serve as an index, and convey a tolerably adequate impression of some characteristic poetic tendencies and qualities of the period with which it deals.

Until within comparatively recent years the minor verse of this period has not been very specially disengaged for purposes of criticism; nor has it been the object of special eulogy on the part of critics. Hazlitt, for instance, decries Carew as 'an elegant court trifler'; Herrick as 'an amorist with perhaps more fancy than feeling'; and Crashaw as 'a hectic enthusiast in religion

and poetry, and erroneous in both.' Arriving at efflorescence after a period of great literary development, the poetic work which separates itself from this as from that of the later and more formal period, having come to be regarded as naturally belonging to a period of decadence, has received treatment accordingly. In regard particularly to the notice bestowed on the 'Caroline' age, it has, as Mr. Saintsbury recalls, suffered from the misfortune that, besides Hazlitt, the two great critics of the Romantic revival, Lamb and Coleridge, both of whom have affected the direction and tone of later criticism, were more especially attracted by writers of the previous period, above all by the splendours of Elizabethan drama. M. Taine, whose treatment may be looked at as in a way typical, does not devote much detailed attention to the work of this period; in regard to the earlier men, such as Herrick and Carew, while suggesting in them Anacreontic traces or traces of the Greek Anthology, he is to a certain extent appreciative; in regard to the later men of the Restoration, such as Sedley, Rochester, and Dorset, he is more concerned to show how they typified the inroad of polite convention and the exhaustion of poetic vitality. Of course for

this there is justification, only in regarding the subject from the philosophic point of view there is a risk of ignoring many delightful things, and even a period of decadence or transition may undoubtedly produce many delightful things; and the period in itself may perhaps fairly be regarded as one, if of minor, of specific poetic development. But it was not to be expected of the catholicity of appreciation of latter-day criticism, especially during the last decade or two, when the leading tendencies and methods of our verse have for the most part been literary in their derivation, that English critics should leave unexploited this particular field of poetry, dominated as it was so largely by literary influences; and we have had the researches of Mr. Gosse in his *Seventeenth Century Studies;* his discriminative preliminary notices, as well as those of the many other admirable critics who contributed to Mr. Ward's anthology; and Mr. Saintsbury's enthusiastic 'apology for Caroline poetry.' In addition, there are such works as Mr. Henry Morley's *King and Commons*, conceived, however, largely with a view to political illustration; and Mr. W. J. Linton's pleasant supplemental anthology,

Rare Poems of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, including selections from Dunbar to Bulteel. Mr. Arber has contributed some reprints; above all, there are Dr. Grosart's monumental volumes.

Among the most notable of the Elizabethans whose years extended beyond 1625 were Ben Jonson, Chapman, Ford, Webster, Massinger, and Dekker, but a new poetic tendency, of which in England the work of Donne, and later that of Cowley, is most typical, had already set in. The more literary methods of the later school, with its lessened inspiration, its new ideas and new culture, were not adequate to prevail entirely against the older tradition; the true lyrical fire still burned; the free lyrical impulse had by no means spent itself, though it manifested itself as it were more unexpectedly. The formula of the new culture, of curious erudition and perverse scholarship, could not displace the play of imagination and genuine poetic feeling and vision. The predominant tendencies of the new school, associated abroad particularly with the name of Marino, were, if one may conveniently refer to so old an authority as Hallam for his summing up in regard

to them, but the manifestation in verse of a general literary movement dating from the latter half of the sixteenth century; the classical affectations of Ronsard and his Pléiade, the euphuism of Lyly, the *stilo culto* of Gongora, the *concetti* of the Italians, and the pedantic quotations of Burton and other writers, all being but modifications of the same general movement. Of the *concetti* of the new school, of 'heterogeneous imagery,' of parallelisms contrived by a dextrous perversity of intelligence, the selections of verse in this volume do not afford many examples in their most flagrant form. In the earlier portion conceits will be found in sufficient abundancy, but for the most part those that appear here are rather more in the nature of a play of fancy, or have some characteristic old-world quaintness to recommend them. Among the decided followers of the metaphysical school was Lord Herbert of Cherbury; from his small stock of verse has been chosen an *Elegy*, of which the last lines may be taken as an instance of the merging of conceit into poetic fancy—

'Have you vouchsafed to flowers since your death,
That sweetest breath?'—

while the well-known song of D'Avenant beginning—

> 'The lark now leaves his watery nest,
> And climbing, shakes his dewy wings;'—

may serve to show an interblending of conceit, fancy, and poetic truth of expression; such an interfusion of elements being very characteristic of the period. The themes on which the poets here represented hang their verses have perhaps no great depth of psychological insight to recommend them, nor is it much their vogue to display any devastating intensity of passion; they delight rather in a plentiful exaggeration of fantastic joys and griefs of love, in dilating on 'frowns that melt, smiles that burn'; in the exposition of tirades against the meretriciousness of painted beauty, the adventitious auxiliaries of pomatum and vermilion, a too lavish reliance on the rhetoric of embroidery or lace; and delight in borrowing from flowers a livery of somewhat artificial metaphor by which to heighten their mistresses' beauty, showing for the most part a curious limitation and convention of poetic simile, and after exhausting the repertory of flowers, a readiness to fall back upon facile similitudes of

'. . . ivory, coral, gold
Of breast, of lip, of hair.'

Dr. Johnson commends Waller for not being 'always at the last gasp'; for being less fantastic, less hyperbolical and high-flown than his fellows. It is noticeable that the poetic lovers of the period possessed an exquisite fragility and sensitiveness of constitution, and exhibited a readiness to die upon the smallest provocation :—

'Dear love, let me this evening die,
O smile not to prevent it!'

These poetic lovers, these elegant martyrs to love's cruelties, these Watteau-like fine gentlemen shepherds,—Amyntas, Damon, and Strephon, and the rest,—have a way of sighing that has infinite grace to recommend it, and they know how to despair with consummate charm of manner. One inclines to wonder at these ladies whom they loved, these fine shepherdesses whose melodious names are Chloe, Amaryllis, Daphne, Doris, and the rest, celebrated in so many amorous verses,—that they should be so rashly given to the exercise of frowning, knowing so well the fatal consequences thence likely to

befall; they doubtless reflected, however, that in a smile they held always an antidote of singular efficacy. Suckling was among the earliest to overwhelm with badinage the poetic etiquette of the lover of the period, to regard with levity the tragic catastrophies regarded as imperative to his condition, to jest with cynical effrontery at the fallacy of constancy:

> 'Since you doted three whole days,
> Were you not melancholy?'

Brome, later, is full of insidious sincerity, and frank and rather brutal outspokenness:

> 'When for deities you go,
> For angels or for queens, pray know,
> 'Tis our fancy makes you so.'

And once in a way the serious Habington, so devoted to his virtuous Castara, may be able to cast aside the mask of exaggerated gallantry, and strike a note which, coming from him, somewhat jars. To Rochester, the most pernicious of scamps, and perhaps the most exquisite lyrist of his day, it is left to set forth with fine conviction and exquisite sweetness of measure the ideal of the constant lover:

'I cannot change, as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn,
Since that poor swain who sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no, your heart to move
A surer way I'll try,
And to revenge my slighted love
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.'

Rochester may almost be regarded as the Verlaine of his period,—a singer of such truth and melody; who, while he did not neglect to prostitute his muse shamelessly enough, can contrive at times to give poetic effect even to a philosophy of easy depravity; and whose legacy is a few careless perfect songs.

In his *English Literature*, after quoting some passionate lines from 'Milicertes' Eclogue' by Greene, M. Taine adds:—'I can well believe that things had then no more beauty than now; but I am sure men found them more beautiful.' One is almost inclined to apply the same words to the later period, which this anthology in some degree represents. These writers, nearly all of them gentlemen of the world, inspired to add a negligent accomplishment of verse-making to so many other more worldly accomplishments,

despite their trifling, their conventionalities, their conceits and exaggerations, exhibited so much grace of feeling, so fine and pure a sentiment of the beauty of women, such delicacy of poetic vision and expression. A period which has given us the songs of Carew, of Lovelace, of Suckling, of Waller, and of Rochester; which amid the many fanciful airs and graces of its work has strewn with such prodigality so many lines and stanzas of pure and exquisite poetry, so many perfect lyrics, is one which perhaps yet has hardly obtained the position which it deserves.

W. H. D.

3rd December 1891.

NOTE.

A certain licence has been assumed in order to include a few of the poets in this collection. This is notably the case with some of the earlier names, and is obviously the case with Wither, who cannot be classified under the heading of either Cavalier or Courtier, but his 'Shall I wasting in despair' seemed to have the justification of appearing indispensable, and he fell naturally into a place. Donne might perhaps have well been included, but the selections from him were made too late to appear. Herrick has been omitted, primarily because a separate volume in this series is devoted to him.

CAVALIER AND COURTIER LYRISTS.

I.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

1589—1643.

THE SONG OF THE SIRENS.

STEER, hither steer, your wingèd pines,
All beaten Mariners,
Here lie love's undiscovered mines
A prey to passengers;
Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which make the Phœnix' urn and nest.
Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you save our lips;
But come on shore,
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

For swelling waves, our panting breasts,
Where never storms arise,
Exchange, and be awhile our guests;
For stars, gaze on our eyes.
The compass, love shall hourly sing.
And as he goes about the ring,
We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.
Then come on shore
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

HER VISAGE.

Love, that looks still on your eyes,
  Though the winter have begun
To benumb our arteries,
  Shall not want the summer's sun.

Love, that still may see your cheeks,
  Where all rareness still reposes,
Is a fool, if e'er he seeks
  Other lilies, other roses.

Love, to whom your soft lip yields,
  And perceives your breath in kissing,
All the odours of the fields,
  Never, never, shall be missing.

SONG.

SHALL I tell you whom I love?
  Hearken then a while to me;
And if such a woman move
  As I now shall versifie;
Be assured 'tis she, or none
That I love, or love alone.

Nature did her so much right
  As she scorns the help of art.
In as many virtues dight
  As e'er yet embraced a heart.
So much good so truly tried
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath without desire
  To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
  Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
  And her virtues grace her birth;
Lovely as all excellence,
  Modest in her most of mirth:
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is, and if you know
  Such a one as I have sung,
Be she brown, or fair, or so,
  That she be but somewhile young;
Be assur'd, 'tis she or none
That I love, and love alone.

II.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

OF HAWTHORNDEN.

1585—1649.

MADRIGAL.

LIKE the Idalian queen
Her hair about her eyne
And neck, on breasts ripe apples to be seen,
At first glance of the morn
In Cyprus' gardens gathering those fair flowers
Which of her blood were born,
I saw, but fainting saw my paramours.
The Graces naked danc'd about the place,
The winds and trees amaz'd
With silence on her gaz'd,
The flowers did smile like those upon her face;
And as their aspin stalks those singers bind,
That she might read my case,
I wish'd to be a hyacinth in her hand.

SONNET.

ALEXIS, here she stay'd ; among these pines,
Sweet hermitress, she did alone repair;
Here did she spread the treasure of her hair,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines.
She sate her by these musked eglantines,
The happy place the print seems yet to bear;
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugar'd lines,
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend their ear.
Me here she first perceiv'd, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face,
Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were born,
And I first got a pledge of promis'd grace:
But, ah! what serv'd it to be happy so,
Sith passed pleasures double but new woe?

TO CHLORIS.

See, Chloris, how the clouds
Tilt in the azure lists,
And how with Stygian mists
Each horned hill his giant forehead shrouds;
Jove thund'reth in the air,
The air, grown great with vain,
Now seems to bring Deucalion's days again.
I see thee quake; come, let us home repair,
Come hide thee in mine arms,
If not for love, yet to shun greater harms.

MADRIGAL.

THE ivory, coral, gold,
Of breast, of lip, of hair,
So lively sleep doth show to inward sight,
That 'wake I think I hold
No shadow, but my fair:
Myself I so deceive
With long-shut eyes, I shun the irksome light.
Such pleasure here I have
Delighting in false gleams,
If Death Sleep's brother be,
And souls bereft of sense have so sweet dreams,
How could I wish thus still to dream and die!

PHILLIS.

In petticoat of green,
Her hair about her eyne,
Phillis, beneath an oak,
Sat milking her fair flock.
'Mongst that sweet-strained moisture, rare delight!
Her hand seem'd milk, in milk it was so white.

MADRIGAL.

THIS world a hunting is,
The prey poor man, the Nimrod fierce is Death;
His seedy greyhounds are
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the larger chase,
Old age with stealing pace
Casts up his nets, and there we panting die.

III.

EARL OF STIRLING.

1580—1640.

SONNET.

I SWEAR, Aurora, by thy starry eyes,
And by those golden locks, whose lock none slips,
And by the coral of thy rosy lips,
And by the naked snows which beauty dyes;
I swear by all the jewels of thy mind,
Whose like yet never worldly treasure bought,
Thy solid judgment, and thy generous thought,
Which in this darken'd age have clearly shin'd;
I swear by those and by my spotless love,
And by my secret, yet most fervent fires,
That I have never nurst but chaste desires,
And such as modesty might well approve.
Then since I love those virtuous parts in thee,
Should'st thou not love this virtuous mind in me?

ANOTHER.

O IF thou knew'st how thou thyself dost harm,
And dost prejudge thy bliss, and spoil my rest;
Then thou wouldst melt the ice out of thy breast,
And thy relenting heart would kindly warm.
O if thy pride did not our joys control,
What world of living wonders shouldst thou see!
For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,
Then in thy bosom I would pour my soul;
Then all my thoughts should in thy visage shine,
And if that aught mischanc'd thou shouldst not moan,
Nor bear the burthen of thy griefs alone;
No, I would have my share in what were thine;
And whilst we thus should make our sorrows one,
The happy harmony would make them none.

IV.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

1570—1638.

ON WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I LOV'D thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief as is the blame:
Thou art not what thou wert before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unlov'd again,
Hath better store of love than brain:
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom did recall,
That if thou might elsewhere inthral;
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy to love thee still.
Yea it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good fortune's boast;
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice
To see him gain what I have lost;
The height of my disdain shall be,
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
To love thee still, but go no more
A-begging to a beggar's door.

THE FAREWELL.

I DO confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak had power to move thee:
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be lov'd by none!

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind,
That kisses everything it meets.
And since thou can with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briers, how sweetly smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile,
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside;
And I will sigh, while some will smile,
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

V.

GEORGE WITHER.

1588—1667.

THE MANLY HEART.

SHALL I, wasting in despaire,
Dye, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
Cause another's Rosie are?
  Be she fairer than the Day,
  Or the flowry Meads in May
    If she thinke not well of me,
    What care I *how* faire she be?

Shall my seely heart be pin'd,
Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed Nature
Joyned with a lovely feature?
  Be she Meeker, Kinder than
  Turtle-dove or *Pellican:*
    If she be not so to me,
    What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's Vertues move
Me to perish for her Love?
Or, her wel deservings knowne,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that Goodness blest,
Which may merit name of best;
If she be not such to me,
What care I how Good she be?

Cause her *Fortune* seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that beares a Noble mind,
If not outward helpes she find,
Thinks what with them he wold do,
That without them dares her woe;
And unless that *Minde* I see
What care I how great she be?

Great or Good, or Kind or Faire,
I will ne're the more despaire;
If she love me (this beleeve)
I will Die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woe,
I can scorne and let her goe,
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

MADRIGAL.

AMARYLLIS I did woo,
And I courted Phyllis too;
Daphne for her love I chose
Chloris, for that damask rose
In her cheek I held so dear,
Yea, a thousand lik'd well near;
And in love with all together,
Feared the enjoying either:
'Cause to be of one possest,
Barr'd the hope of all the rest.

THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

OFT have the Nymphs of greatest worth
  Made suit my songs to hear;
As oft, when I have sighed forth
  Such notes as saddest were,
'Alas!' said they, 'poor gentle heart,
  Whoe'er that shepherd be;'
But none of them suspects my smart,
  Nor thinks it meaneth me!

When I have reached so high a strain
  Of passion in my song,
That they have seen the tears to rain
  And trill my cheek along;
Instead of sigh, or weeping eye
  To sympathise with me,
'Oh, were he once in love,' they cry,
  'How moving he would be!'

Oh, pity me, you powers above,
  And take my skill away;
Or let my hearers think I love,
  And fain not what I say.
For if I could disclose the smart
  Which I unknown do bear,
Each line would make them sighs impart
  And every word, a tear.

VI.

NATHANIEL FIELD.

1587—1638.

MATIN SONG.

Rise, Lady Mistress, rise!
  The night hath tedious been;
No sleep hath fallen into mine eyes
  Nor slumbers made me sin.
Is not she a saint then, say,
Thought of whom keeps sin away?

Rise, Madam! rise and give me light,
  Whom darkness still will cover
And ignorance, darker than night,
  Till thou smile on thy lover.
All want day till thy beauty rise;
For the grey morn breaks from thine eyes.

VII.

WILLIAM STRODE.

1599—1644.

ON CHLORIS WALKING IN THE SNOW.

I saw fair Chloris walk alone,
When feather'd rain came softly down,
Then Jove descended from his tower,
To court her in a silver shower;
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
Like little birds into their nest;
But overcome with whiteness there
For grief it thaw'd into a tear;
Then falling down her garment hem
To deck her, froze into a gem.

SONG.

KEEP on your mask, and hide your eye,
For with beholding you I die;
Your fatal beauty, Gorgon-like,
Dead with astonishment will strike;
Your piercing eyes, if them I see,
Are worse than Basilisks to me.

Shut from mine eye those hills of snow,
Their melting valley do not show:
Those azure paths lead to despair,
O vex me not; forbear! forbear!
For while I thus in torments dwell
The light of heaven is worse than hell.

Your dainty voice and warbling breath
Sound like a sentence past for death:
Your dangling tresses are become
Like instruments of final doom;
O! if an angel torture so,
When life is gone where shall I go?

TO HIS MISTRESS.

I'LL tell you whence the rose did first grow red
And whence the lily whiteness borrowed ;
You blushed and then the rose with red was dight,
The lily kissed your hands and so came white;
Before that time the rose was but a stain,
The lily nought but paleness did contain.
You have the native colour; these they die,
And only flourish in your livery.

VIII.

THOMAS CAREW.

1598?—1639?

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearled with dew;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are washed with tears.

Ask me why this flower doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending, yet it doth not break;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

SONG.

WOULD you know what's soft? I dare
Not bring you to the down, or air,
Nor to stars to show what's bright,
Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear,
Call the orbs to take your ear;
Nor, to please your sense, bring forth
Bruised nard, or what's more worth;

Or on food were your thoughts placed,
Bring you nectar for a taste;
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 'tis done!

SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties, orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixèd become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

LIPS AND EYES.

In Celia's face a question did arise,
Which were more beautiful, her Lips or Eyes?
"We," said the Eyes, "send forth those pointed darts
Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts."
"From us," replied the Lips, "proceed those blisses
Which lovers reap by kind words and sweet kisses."
Then wept the Eyes, and from their springs did pour
Of liquid oriental pearls a shower.
Whereat the Lips, moved with delight and pleasure,
Through a sweet smile unlocked their pearly treasure,
And bade Love judge, whether did add more grace,
Weeping or smiling pearls in Celia's face.

CELIA SINGING.

You that think Love can convey
No other way,
But through the eyes, into the heart
His fatal dart,
Close up those casements and but hear
This siren sing,
And on the wing
Of her sweet voice it shall appear
That love can enter at the ear.

Open, unveil your eyes, behold
The curious mould
Where that voice dwells, and as we know,
When the cocks crow
We freely may
Gaze on the day,
So may you, when the music's done,
Awake and see the rising sun.

THE ENQUIRY.

AMONGST the myrtles as I walked,
Love and my sighs thus intertalked:
'Tell me,' said I, in deep distress,
'Where may I find my shepherdess?'

'Thou fool,' said Love, 'know'st thou not this,
In everything that's good she is?
In yonder tulip go and seek,
There thou mayst find her lip, her cheek.

'In yon enamelled pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye.
In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood.

'In brightest lilies that there stand
The emblems of her whiter hand.
In yonder rising hill there smell
Such sweets as in her bosom dwell.'

''Tis true,' said I, and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one
To make of parts an union;
But on a sudden all was gone.

With that I stopped; said Love, 'These be,
Fond man, resemblances of thee;
And as these flowers, thy joys shall die,
E'en in the twinkling of an eye,
And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like these short sweets thus knit together.'

CARPE DIEM.

If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must die;
If ev'ry sweet, and ev'ry grace
Must fly from that forsaken face:
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever, free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade;
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
What still being gather'd still must grow.
Thus either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

RED ROSES AND WHITE.

READ in these roses the sad story
Of my hard fate and your own glory.
In the white you may discover
The paleness of a fainting lover;
In the red, the flames still feeding
On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.
The white will tell you how I languish,
And the red express my anguish;
The white my innocence displaying,
The red my martyrdom betraying.
The frowns that on your brow resided,
Have those roses thus divided;
Oh! let your smiles but clear the weather,
And then they both shall grow together.

THE COUNSEL.

MARK how the bashful morn in vain
  Courts the amorous marigold
With sighing blasts and weeping rain,
  Yet she refuses to unfold;
But when the planet of the day
Approacheth with his powerful ray
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.

So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy;
  If thy tears and sighs discover
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
  The just reward of a bold lover.
But when with moving accents thou
Shalt constant faith and service vow,
Thy Celia shall receive those charms
With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

THE PROTESTATION.

No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers;
Nor greenish buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing;
Nor April violets paint the grove;
If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn;
The humble oak no flood shall know
When flood shall highest hills o'erflow;
Black Lethe shall oblivion leave;
If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to fly;
The Sun refuse to show his light,
And day shall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no star appear;
If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit Earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth;
Nor joy above in Heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor souls in Hell;
Grim death no more shall horrid prove;
If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

SONG.

GIVE me more love, or more disdain,
  The torrid or the frozen zone
Bring equal joy unto my pain.
  The temperate affords me none,
Either extreme of love or hate
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
  Like Danae in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
  Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture hopes; and he's possess'd
Of Heaven that's but from Hell released.
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain,
Give me more love, or more disdain.

CELIA'S BEAUTY.

KNOW, Celia, since thou art so proud,
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown;
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, lived unknown
Had not my verse exhaled thy name,
And with it impt the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine!
I gave it to thy voice and eyes;
Thy sweets, thy graces,—all are mine,
Thou art my star,—shin'st in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Lest what I made I uncreate;
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets that wrap Truth in tales,
Know her themselves thro' all her veils.

SONG.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
  Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
  Fuel to maintain his fires ;
As old Time makes these decay
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
  Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
  Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

A DEPOSITION.

I WAS foretold, your rebel sex
  Nor love nor pity knew,
And with what scorn you use to vex
  Poor hearts that humbly sue ;
Yet I believ'd to crown our pain,
  Could we the fortress win,
The happy lover sure would gain
  A paradise within.
I thought love's plagues like dragons sate,
Only to fright us at the gate.

But I did enter, and enjoy
  What happy lovers prove,
For I could kiss, and sport, and toy,
  And taste those sweets of love,
Which, had they but a lasting state,
  Or if in Celia's breast
The force of love might not abate,
  Jove were too mean a guest.
But now her breach of faith far more
Afflicts, than did her scorn before.

Hard fate ! to have been once possest,
  As victor, of a heart
Achiev'd with labour and unrest,
  And then forc'd to depart !
If the stout foe will not resign
  When I besiege a town,
I lose but what was never mine.
  But he that is cast down
From enjoy'd beauty, feels a woe
Only deposèd kings can know.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Shepherd, Nymph, Chorus.

Shepherd.

THIS mossy bank they press'd. *Nym.* That aged oak
Did canopy the happy pair
All night from the damp air.
Cho. Here let us sit, and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day breaking their embraces broke.

Shepherd.

See, love, the blushes of the morn appear,
And now she hangs her pearly store,
Robb'd from the eastern shore,
I' th' cowslip's bell and the rose's ear;
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nymph.

Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day,
But show my sun must set; no morn
Shall shine till thou return;
The yellow planets and the grey
Dawn, shall attend thee on thy way.

Shepherd.

If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear
Their useless shine. *Nym.* My tears will quite
Extinguish their faint light.
Shep. Those drops will make their beams more clear,
Love's flames will shine in every tear.

Chorus.

They kissed, and wept, and from their lips and eyes,
In a mixed dew of briny sweet
Their joys and sorrows meet;
But she cries out. *Nym.* Shepherd, arise,
The sun betrays us else to spies.

Shepherd.

The winged hours fly fast whilst we embrace,
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.
Nym. Then let us pinion time, and chase
The day for ever from this place.

Shepherd.

Hark! *Nym.* Ah me, stay! *Shep.* For ever.
Nym. No, arise;
We would be gone. *Shep.* My nest of spice!
Nym. My soul! *Shep.* My paradise!
Cho. Neither could say farewell, but through their eyes
Grief interrupted speech with tears' supplies.

SWEETLY-BREATHING VERNAL AIR.

SWEETLY-BREATHING vernal air,
That with kind warmth dost repair
Winter's ruins; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of th' east
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky;
Whose dishevell'd tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed;
On whose brow with calm smiles dress'd,
The halcyon sits and builds her nest;
Beauty, youth, and endless spring,
Dwell upon thy rosy wing.

Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant flow'ry birth
Canst refresh the teeming earth:
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's fair or good,
If he scatter our choice flowers,
If he shake our hills, or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us;
Thou canst stroke great Æolus,
And from him the grace obtain
To bind him in an iron chain.

IX.

HENRY KING (Bishop of Chichester).

1591—1669.

SONG.

Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which like growing fountains rise
To drown their banks; grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrow'd looks;
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those waterish stars again,
Which else portend a lasting rain;
Lest the clouds which settle there
Prolong my winter all the year,
And thy example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake.

SONG.

TELL me no more how fair she is;
I have no mind to hear
The story of that distant bliss
I never shall come near;
By sad experience I have found
That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am
To tempt my daring fate,
From whence no triumph ever came
But to repent too late;
There is some hope ere long I may
In silence dote myself away.

I ask no pity, Love, from thee,
Nor will thy justice blame;
So that thou wilt not envy me
The glory of my flame,
Which crowns my heart whene'er it dies
In that it falls her sacrifice.

SIC VITA.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flight of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Ev'n such is man whose borrowed light
Is straight call'd in and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

X.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

1609—1641.

THE STOLEN HEART.

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,
  Since I cannot have thine,
For if from yours you will not part,
  Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
  To find it were in vain,
For thou'st a thief in either eye
  Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
  And yet not lodge together?
O Love! why is thy sympathy
  If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery
  I cannot find it out:
For when I think I'm best resolved,
  I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine:
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she hath mine.

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
O, things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way,
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there I did see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty at least in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger tho' than thine)
Walked on before the rest.
Our landlord looks like nothing to him,
The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him
Should he go still so drest.

But wot you what? The youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him stay'd:
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale),
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape, that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck;
And to say truth (for out it must),
It look'd like the great collar just
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But O she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight!

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
Who sees them is undone,
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
The side that's next the sun!

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compar'd to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly);
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

Passion o' me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride:
The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving-man with dish in hand
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youth carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's come thick and thick;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick?

O' th' sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance;
Then dance again, and kiss.
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till every woman wish'd her place,
And every man wish'd his!

ORSAMES' SONG IN "AGLAURA."

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
  Prithee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
  Looking ill prevail?
  Prithee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
  Prithee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
  Saying nothing do't?
  Prithee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,
  This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
  Nothing can make her:
  The devil take her.

CONSTANCY.

OUT upon it, I have loved
  Three whole days together,
And am like to love three more,
  If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings
  E'er he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
  Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
  Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
  Had it any been but she,—

Had it any been but she,
  And that very face,
There had been at least e'er this
  A dozen dozen in her place.

THE QUESTION.

SAY, but did you love so long?
  In truth I needs must blame you:
Passion did your judgment wrong,
  Or want of reason shame you.

But Time's fair and witty daughter
  Shortly shall discover
Y'are a subject fit for laughter
  And more fool than lover.

But I grant you merit praise
  For your constant folly;
Since you doted three whole days,
  Were you not melancholy?

THE INVOCATION.

Ye juster powers of love and fate,
Give me the reason why
A lover cross'd
And all hopes lost,
May not have leave to die.

It is but just, and love needs must
Confess it is his part,
When he does spy
One wounded lie,
To pierce the other's heart.

But yet if he so cruel be
To have one breast to hate;
If I must live
And thus survive,
How far more cruel's fate!

In this same state I find too late
I am, and here's the grief:
Cupid can cure,
Death heal, I'm sure,
Yet neither sends relief.

BARLEY-BREAK.

Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak
Three mates to play at barley-break;
Love Folly took; and Reason, Fancy;
And Hate consorts with Pride; so dance they.
Love coupled last, and so it fell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

They break, and Love would Reason meet,
But Hate was nimbly on her feet;
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
Hies, and they two hug together;
Yet this new coupling still doth tell,
That Love and Folly were in hell.

The rest do break again, and Pride
Hath now got Reason on her side;
Hate and Fancy meet, and stand
Untouched by Love and Folly's hand;
Folly was dull, but Love ran well;
So Love and Folly were in hell.

GRAINEVERT'S SONG IN "BRENNORALT."

COME let the State stay
And drink away,
There is no business above it:
It warms the cold brain,
Makes us speak in high strain,
He's a fool that does not approve it.
The Macedone youth
Left behind him this truth,
That nothing is done with much thinking;
He drunk, and he fought,
Till he had what he sought,
The world was his own by good drinking.

LOVE AND DEBT.

THERE'S one request I make to Him
  Who sits the clouds above:
That I were fairly out of debt,
  As I am out of love.

Then for to dance, to drink, and sing,
  I should be very willing;
I should not owe one lass a kiss,
  Nor any rogue one shilling.

'Tis only being in love, or debt,
  That robs us of our rest,
And he that is quite out of both,
  Of all the world is blest.

He sees the golden age, wherein
  All things were free and common;
He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest—
  And fears nor man nor woman.

SONG.

THE crafty boy, that had full oft essay'd
To pierce my stubborn and resisting breast,
But still the bluntness of his darts betray'd,
Resolved at last of setting up his rest
Either my wild unruly heart to tame,
Or quit his godhead, and his bow disclaim.

So all his lovely looks, his pleasing fires,
All his sweet motions, all his taking smiles;
All that awakes, all that inflames desires,
All that sweetly commands, all that beguiles,
He does into one pair of eyes convey,
And there begs leave that he himself may stay.

And there he brings me, where his ambush lay
Secure, and careless to a stranger land:
And never warning me, which was foul play,
Does make me close by all this beauty stand,
Where, first struck dead, I did at last recover,
To know that I might only live to love her.

So I'll be sworn I do, and do confess,
The blind lad's power, whilst he inhabits there ;
But I'll be even with him nevertheless,
If e'er I chance to meet with him elsewhere.
If other eyes invite the boy to tarry,
I'll fly to hers as to a sanctuary.

SONG.

When, dearest, I but think of thee,
Methinks all things that lovely be
Are present, and my soul delighted;
For beauties that from worth arise
Are like the grace of deities,
Still present with us, tho' unsighted.

Thus whilst I sit, and sigh the day
With all his borrowed lights away,
Till night's black wings do overtake me,
Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
As sadder lights do sleepy men,
So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus absence dies, and dying proves
No absence can subsist with loves
That do partake of fair perfection;
Since in the darkest night they may,
By love's quick motion, find a way
To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with each flood
Bath some high promont, that has stood
Far from the main up in the river :
Oh think not then but love can do
As much, for that's an ocean too,
Which flows not every day, but ever.

XI.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

1618—1658.

UPON THE CURTAIN OF LUCASTA'S PICTURE.

Oh, stay that covetous hand! First turn all eye,
All depth of mind; then mystically spy
Her soul's fair picture, her fair soul's, in all
So truly copied from the original,
That you will swear her body by this law
Is but a shadow, as this, its. Now draw.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING BEYOND THE SEAS.

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls;
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' the skies;
And thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In heaven, their earthly bodies left behind.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace,
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT CORDANUS AND AMORET.

Cordanus. Distressed pilgrim, whose dark clouded eyes
Speak thee a martyr to love's cruelties,
Whither away?
Amoret. What pitying voice I hear
Calls back my flying steps?
Cordanus. Prithee, draw near.
Amoret. I shall but say: kind swain, what doth become
Of a lost heart, ere to Elysium
It wounded walks?
Cordanus. First, it does freely fly
Into the pleasures of a lover's eye;
But, once condemned to scorn, it fettered lies,
An ever-bowing slave to tyrannies.
Amoret. I pity its sad fate, since its offence
Was but for love. Can tears recall it thence?
Cordanus. O no, such tears, as do for pity call
She proudly scorns, and glories in their fall.
Amoret. Since neither sighs nor tears, kind shepherd, tell,
Will not a kiss prevail?
Cordanus. Thou may'st as well
Court Echo with a kiss.
Amoret. Can no art move
A sacred violence to make her love?

Cordanus. O no ! 'tis only Destiny or Fate
Fashions our wills either to love or hate.
Amoret. Then, captive heart, since that no human spell
Hath power to grasp thee his, farewell.
Cordanus. Farewell !
Chorus. Lost hearts, like lambs drove from their folds by fears,
May back return by chance, but not by tears.

IT IS ALREADY MORN.

WHY shouldst thou swear I am forsworn,
  Since thine I vowed to be?
Lady, it is already morn;
  And 'twas last night I swore to thee
  That fond impossibility.

Have I not loved thee much and long,
  A tedious twelve hours' space!
I must all other beauties wrong,
  And rob thee of a new embrace
  Did I still doat upon thy face.

TO AMARANTHA, THAT SHE WOULD DISHEVEL HER HAIR.

AMARANTHA, sweet and fair,
Ah, braid no more that shining hair !
As my curious hand or eye
Hovering round thee, let it fly.

Let it fly as unconfined
As its calm ravisher, the wind,
Who hath left his darling, th' East,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Every tress must be confessed
But neatly tangled at the best,
Like a clue of golden thread
Most excellently ravellèd.

Do not then wind up that light
In ribands, and o'ercloud in night,
Like the sun in's early ray,
But shake your head and scatter day.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

When love with unconfined wings
  Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
  To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
  And fetter'd to her eye,
The Gods that wanton in the air
  Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
  With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
  Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
  When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
  Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
  With shriller note shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
  And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
  He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
  Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds, innocent and quiet, take
  That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
  Enjoy such liberty.

XII.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

1612—1650.

TO HIS LOVE.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway
But purest monarchy;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in my heart,
I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe;
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I'll deck and crown thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more.

XIII.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY.

1581—1648.

SONG.

Now that the April of your youth adorns
  The garden of your face,
Now that for you each knowing lover mourns,
  And all seek to your grace,
Do not repay affectión with scorns.

What though you may a matchless beauty vaunt,
  And all that hearts can move
By such a power, that seemeth to enchant;
  Yet, without help of love
Beauty no pleasure to itself can grant.

Then think each minute that you lose a day;
  The longest youth is short,
The shortest age is long; Time flies away
  And makes us but his sport,
And that which is not Youth's, is Age's prey.

THE KISS.

COME hither, Womankind, and all their worth,
Give me thy kisses as I call them forth.
Give me thy billing kiss, that of the dove,
A kiss of Love;
The melting kiss, a kiss that doth consume
To a perfume;
The extract kiss, of every sweet a part,
A kiss of Art;
The kiss which ever stirs some new delight,
A kiss of might;
The music kiss, crotchet and quaver time,
The kiss of rhyme;
The kiss of eloquence which doth belong
Unto the tongue;
The kiss of all the sciences in one,
The kiss alone.
So, 'tis enough.

MADRIGAL.

DEAR, when I did from you remove
I left my joy, but not my love;
That never can depart.
It neither higher can ascend
Nor lower bend;
Fixed in the centre of my heart
As in his place,
And lodgèd so, how can it change,
Or you grow strange?

ELEGY.

MUST I then see, alas, eternal night
  Sitting upon those fairest eyes,
And closing all those beams, which once did rise
  So radiant and bright,
That light and heat in them to us did prove
  Knowledge and Love?

Or if you did delight no more to stay
  Upon this low and earthly stage,
But rather chose an endless heritage,
  Tell us at least, we pray,
Where all the beauties that those ashes ow'd
  Are now bestow'd?

Doth the Sun now his light with yours renew?
  Have Waves the curling of your hair?
Did you restore unto the Sky and Air
  The red and white and blue?
Have you vouchsafed to flowers since your death
  That sweetest breath?

XIV.

ANONYMOUS.

(*From 'Wit Restored,'* 1658.)

TO B. R., FOR HER BRACELETS.

'Tis not, dear love, that amber twist
Which circles round thy captive wrist
Can have the power to make me more
Your prisoner than I was before.
Though I that bracelet dearer hold
Than misers would a chain of gold;
  Yet this but ties my outward part,
  Heart-strings alone can tie my heart.

'Tis not that soft and silken wreath,
Your hands did unto mine bequeath;
Can bind with half so powerful charms,
As the embraces of your arms;
Although not iron bands, my fair,
Can bind more fiercely than your hair.
  Yet what will chain me most will be
  Your heart in true love's-knot to me.

'Tis not those beams, your hairs, nor all
Your glorious outside doth me thrall:
Although your looks have force enow
To make the stateliest tyrants bow;
Nor any angel could deny
Your person his idolatry.
Yet I do not so much adore
The temple, but the goddess more.

If then my soul you would confine
To prison, tie your heart to mine;
Your noble virtues, constant love,
The only powerful chains will prove,
To bind me ever, such as those
The hands of death shall ne'er unloose.
Until I such a prisoner be,
No liberty can make me free.

THE CONSTANT LOVERS.

(*From 'Wit Restored,'* 1658.)

I KNOW as well as you she is not fair,
Nor hath she sparkling eyes, or curlèd hair;
Nor can she brag of virtue or of truth,
Or anything about her, save her youth.
She is woman too, and to no end,
I know, I verses write and letters send;
And nought I do can to compassion move her;
All this I know, yet cannot choose but love her.
Yet am not blind, as you and others be,
Who think and swear they little Cupid see
Play in their mistress' eyes, and that there dwell
Roses on cheeks, and that her breasts excel
The whitest snow, as if that love were built
On fading red and white, the body's gilt.
And that I cannot love unless I tell
Wherein or on what part my love doth dwell.
Vain heretics you be, for I love more
Than ever any did that told wherefore;
Then trouble me no more, nor tell me why
'Tis! because she is she, and I am I.

OLD TIME.

(*From Walter Porter's 'Madrigals and Airs,'* 1632.)

LOVE in thy youth, fair maid, be wise,
Old Time will make thee colder,
And though each morning new arise,
Yet we each day grow older.
Thou as heaven art fair and young,
Thine eyes like twin stars shining;
But ere another day be sprung,
All these will be declining;
Then winter comes with all his fears,
And all thy sweets shall borrow;
Too late then wilt thou shower thy tears,
And I, too late, shall sorrow.

AMINTOR'S WELL-A-DAY.

(*From Lawes' 'Third Book of Ayres,'* 1653.)

CHLORIS, now thou art fled away,
Amintor's sheep are gone astray,
And all the joy he took to see
His pretty lambs run after thee
Is gone, is gone, and he alway
Sings nothing now but,—Well-a-day!

His oaten pipe, that in thy praise
Was wont to sing such roundelays,
Is thrown away, and not a swain
Dares pipe or sing within his plain;
'Tis death for any now to say
One word to him but,—Well-a-day!

The maypole, where thy little feet
So roundly did in measures meet,
Is broken down, and no content
Comes near Amintor since you went.
All that I ever heard him say
Was, Chloris, Chloris, well-a-day!

Upon these banks you used to thread
He ever since hath laid his head,
And whisper'd there such pining woe,
As not a blade of grass will grow.
O Chloris ! Chloris ! come away,
And hear Amintor's Well-a-day !

ONCE AND NO MORE.

(*From John Cotgrave's 'Wit's Interpreter,'* 1655.)

ONCE and no more; so said my life,
When in my arms inchained
She unto mine her lips did move,
And so my heart she gain'd.
This done she saith, 'Away I must,
For fear of being miss'd;
Your heart's made over but in trust:'
And so again she kiss'd.

XV.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

1592—1644.

THE ROSEBUD.

As when a lady, walking Flora's bower,
Picks here a pink, and there a gilly-flower,
Now plucks a violet from her purple bed,
And then a primrose, the year's maidenhead,
There nips the brier, here the lover's pansy,
Shifting her dainty pleasures with her fancy,
This on her arms, and that she lists to wear
Upon the borders of her curious hair;
At length a rose-bud (passing all the rest)
She plucks, and bosoms in her lily breast.

XVI.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

1613?—1650?

A SONG.

(*Out of Italian.*)

To thy lover,
Dear, discover
That sweet blush of thine, that shameth
(When those roses
It discloses)
All the flowers that Nature nameth.

In free air
Flow thy hair;
That no more summer's best dresses
Be beholden
For their golden
Locks, to Phoebus' flaming tresses.

O deliver
Love his quiver.
From thy eyes he shoots his arrows,
Where Apollo
Cannot follow;
Feathered with his mother's sparrows.

O envy not
(That we die not)
Those dear lips whose door encloses
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother pearls, and sister roses.

From these treasures
Of ripe pleasures
One bright smile to clear the weather.
Earth and Heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The air does woo thee,
Winds cling to thee,
Might a word once fly from out thee;
Storm and thunder
Would sit under,
And keep silence round about thee.

But if Nature's
Common creatures,
So dear glories dare not borrow;
Yet thy beauty
Owes a duty
To my loving, lingering sorrow.

When to end me
Death shall send me
All his terrors to affright me;
Thine eyes' graces
Gild their faces,
And those terrors shalt delight thee.

When my dying
Life is flying;
Those sweet airs that often slew me
Shall revive me,
Or reprive me,
And to many deaths renew me.

HER TEARS.

THE dew no more shall weep,
  The primrose's pale cheek to deck;
The dew no more shall sleep,
  Nuzzled in the lily's neck;
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not the soft gold which steals
  From the amber-weeping tree,
Makes sorrow half so rich
  As the drops distill'd from thee;
Sorrow's best jewels be in these
Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the keys.

When sorrow would be seen
  In her bright majesty,
For she is a queen,
  Then is she dressed by none but thee;
Then, and only then, she wears
Her richest pearls; I mean thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes,
  When they red with weeping are
For the sun that dies,
  Sits sorrow with a face so fair;
Nowhere but here doth meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

WISHES TO HIS SUPPOSED MISTRESS.

WHOE'ER she be,
That not impossible She,
That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny,

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth;

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:

Meet you her, my wishes,
Bespeak you to my blisses,
And be ye called, my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie;

Something more than
Taffeta or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan:

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone command the rest,

A face made up
Out of no other shop,
Than what nature's white hand sets ope.

A cheek where youth,
And blood, with pen of truth,
Write what the reader sweetly ru'th.

Lips, where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Eyes, that displace
The neighbour diamond, and out-face
That sunshine by their own sweet grace.

Smiles, that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm
That chastity shall take no harm.

Tears, quickly fled,
And vain, as those are shed
For a dying maidenhead.

A well-tamed heart,
For whose more noble smart
Love may be long choosing a part.

In her whole frame
Have Nature all the name,
Art and Ornament the shame.

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish—no more.

Now if Time knows
That Her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her that dares to be
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no further, it is She.

XVII.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

1622?—1695.

CHLORIS.

AMYNTAS, go! Thou art undone,
  Thy faithful heart is crossed by fate;
That love is better not begun,
  Where love is come to love too late.

Yet who that saw fair Chloris weep
  Such sacred dew, with such pure grace,
Durst think them feignèd tears, or seek
  For treason in an angel's face.

A SONG TO AMORET.

If I were dead, and in my place,
Some fresher youth design'd
To warm thee with new fires, and grace
Those arms I left behind ;

Were he as faithful as the sun
That's wedded to the sphere ;
His blood as chaste and temp'rate run
As April's mildest tears ;

Or were he rich, and with his heaps
And spacious space of earth,
Could make divine affection cheap,
And court his golden birth ;

For all these arts I'd not believe,—
No, though he should be thine,—
The mighty Amorist could give
So rich a heart as mine.

Fortune and beauty thou might'st find,
And greater men than I :
But my true resolvèd mind,
They never shall come nigh.

For I not for an hour did love,
  Or, for a day, desire,
But with my soul had from Above,
  This endless, holy fire.

XVIII.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

1605—1654. ?

TO CASTARA.

GIVE me a heart where no impure
  Disordered passions rage,
Which jealousy doth not obscure,
Nor vanity to expense engage,
Nor wooed to madness by quaint oaths
Or the fine rhetoric of clothes,
Which not the softness of the age
To vice or folly doth decline;
Give me that heart, Castara, for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart where no new look
  Provokes new appetite;
With no fresh charm of beauty took,
Or wanton strategem of wit;
Not idly wandering here and there,
Led by an amorous eye or ear
Aiming each beauteous mark to hit
Which virtue doth to one confine;
Take thou this heart, Castara, for 'tis mine.

THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

LIKE the Violet which alone
Prospers in some happy shade;
My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betrayed,
For she's to herself untrue
Who delights i' the public view.

Such is her beauty as no arts
Have enriched with borrowed grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood,
She is noblest, being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Nor speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent;
Of her self survey she takes,
But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands;
And so innocent that ill
She nor acts nor understands;
Woman's feet run still astray
If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the Court,
Where oft honour splits her mast;
And retiredness thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast;
  Virtue safely cannot sit
  Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best
Where sin waits not on delight;
Without mask, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night.
  O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
  Prayer and sleep oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captive lie;
And each article of time
Her pure thoughts to Heaven fly:
  All her vows religious be,
  And her love she vows to me.

TO CUPID, UPON A DIMPLE IN CASTARA'S CHEEK.

NIMBLE boy, in thy warm flight
What cold tyrant dimmed thy sight?
Hadst thou eyes to see my fair,
Thou wouldst sigh thyself to air,
Fearing, to create this one,
Nature had herself undone.
But if you, when this you hear,
Fall down murdered through your ear,
Beg of Jove that you may have
In her cheek a dimpled grave.
Lily, rose, and violet
Shall the perfumed hearse beset;
While a beauteous sheet of lawn
O'er the wanton corpse is drawn:
And all lovers use this breath,
'Here lies Cupid blest in death.'

TO ROSES IN THE BOSOM OF CASTARA.

Ye blushing virgins happy are
In the chaste nunnery of her breasts,
For he'd profane so chaste a fair
Who e'er should call them Cupid's nests.

Transplanted thus how bright ye grow,
How rich a perfume do ye yield!
In some close garden cowslips so
Are sweeter than i' th' open field.

In those white cloisters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath,
Each hour more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death.

WE SAW, AND WOO'D EACH OTHER'S EYES.

We saw, and woo'd each other's eyes,
  My soul contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one sacrifice,
  By which our marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youth, whose soul is sense,
  Profane the temple of delight,
And purchase endless penitence,
  With the stolen pleasure of one night.

Time's ever ours, while we despise
  The sensual idol of our clay,
For though the sun do set and rise,
  We joy one everlasting day,

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,
  While each of us shine innocent.
The troubled stream is still impure,
  With virtue flies away content.

Thus when to one dark silent room,
  Death shall our loving coffins thrust;
Fame will build columns on our tomb,
  And add a perfume to our dust.

UPON CASTARA'S DEPARTURE.

VOWES are vaine. No suppliant breath
Stayes the speed of swift-heel'd Death.
Life with her is gone, and I
Learne but a new way to dye.
See the flowers condole, and all
Wither in my funerall.
The bright Lilly, as if day
Parted with her, fades away.
Violets hang their heads, and lose
All their beauty. That the Rose
A sad part in sorrow beares,
Witnesse all those dewy teares,
Which, as Pearle, or Dyamond like,
Swell upon her blushing cheeke.
All things mourne, but oh, behold
How the wither'd marigold
Closeth up, now she is gone,
Judging her the setting Sunne.

XIX.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

1606?—1634.?

HIS MISTRESS.

I HAVE a mistress, for perfections rare
In every eye, but in my thoughts most fair.
Like tapers on the altar shine her eyes;
Her breath is the perfume of sacrifice.
And wheresoe'er my fancy would begin,
Still her perfection lets religion in.
We sit and talk, and kiss away the hours
As chastely as the morning dews kiss flowers.
I touch her, like my beads, with devout care,
And come unto my courtship as my prayer.

ODE,

TO MASTER ANTHONY STAFFORD.

COME, spur away,
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down
And leave the changeable noise of this great town.
I will the country see,
Where old simplicity,
Though hid in grey,
Doth look more gay
Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
Farewell, you city wits, that are
Almost at civil war;
'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world grows mad.

More of my days
I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise;
Or to make sport
For some slight praise of the Inns-of-Court.
Then, worthy Stafford, say
How shall we spend the day?
With what delights
Shorten the nights?

When from this tumult we are got secure,
Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
Yet shall no finger lose;
Where every word is thought, and every thought
is pure.

There from the tree
We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry;
And every day
Go see the wholesome country girls make hay,
Whose brown hath lovelier grace
Than any painted face,
That I do know
Hyde Park can show.
Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet
(Though some of them in greater state
Might court my love with plate)
The beauties of the Cheap, the wives of Lombard
Street.

But think upon
Some other pleasures: these to me are none.
Why do I prate
Of women, that are things against my fate?
I never mean to wed
That torture to my bed,
My muse is she
My love shall be.

Let clowns get wealth and heirs; when I am gone,
And the great bugbear, grisly death,
Shall take this idle breath,
If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.

Of this no more;
We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store;
No fruit shall 'scape
Our palates, from the damson to the grape.
Then (full) we'll seek a shade,
And hear what music's made;
How Philomel
Her tale doth tell,
And how the little birds do fill the quire:
The thrush and blackbird lend their throats
Warbling melodious notes;
We will all sports enjoy which others but desire.

Ours is the sky
Where at what fowl we please our hawk shall fly:
Nor will we spare
To hunt the crafty fox or timorous hare;
But let our hounds run loose
In any grounds they'll choose,
The buck shall fall,
The stag, and all:
Our pleasures must from their own warrants be
For to my muse, if not to me,
I'm sure all game is free:
Heaven, earth, all are but parts of her great royalty.

And when we mean
To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,
And drink by stealth
A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,
I'll take my pipe and try
The Phrygian melody;
Which he that hears
Lets through his ears
A madness to distemper all the brain.
Then I another pipe will take
And Doric music make,
To civilise with graver notes our wits again.

FROM THE 'COTSWOLD ECLOGUE.'

Colin. EARLY in May up got the jolly rout,
Call'd by the lark, and spread the fields about:
One, for to breathe himself, would coursing be
From this same beech to yonder mulberry;
A second leaped his supple nerves to try;
A third was practising his melody;
This a new jig was footing; others were
Busied at wrestling, or to throw the bar,
Ambitious which should bear the bell away,
And kiss the nut-brown lady of the May.
This stirr'd 'em up; a jolly swain was he
Whom Peg and Susan after victory
Crown'd with a garland they had made beset
With daisies, pinks, and many a violet,
Cowslip, and gilliflower. Rewards, though small,
Encourage virtue, but if none at all
Meet her, she languisheth, and dies, as now
Where worth's denied the honour of a bough.
And, Thenot, this the cause I read to be
Of such a dull and general lethargy.

Thenot. Ill thrive the lout that did their mirth gainsay!
Wolves haunt his flocks that took those sports away!

Colin. Some melancholy swains about have gone
To teach all zeal their own complexion:

Choler will admit sometimes, I see,
But phlegm and sanguine no religions be.
These teach that dancing is a Jezebel,
And barley-break the ready way to hell;
The morrisc-idols, Whitsun-ales, can be
But profane relics of a jubilee!
These, in a zeal t' express how much they do
The organs hate, have silenced bagpipes, too,
And harmless May-poles, all are rail'd upon,
As if they were the towers of Babylon.
Some think not fit there should be any sport
I' th' country, 'tis a dish proper to th' Court.
Mirth not becomes 'em; let the saucy swain
Eat beef and bacon, and go sweat again.
Besides, what sport can in the pastimes be,
When all is but ridiculous foppery?

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT A NYMPH AND A SHEPHERD.

Nymph. Why sigh you, swain? this passion is not common.
Is't for kids or lambkins?
Shep. For a woman.
Nymph. How fair is she that on so sage a brow
Prints lowering looks?
Shep. Just such a toy as thou.
Nymph. Is she a maid?
Shep. What man can answer that?
Nymph. Or widow?
Shep. No.
Nymph. What then?
Shep. I know not what;
Saint-like she looks, a Syren if she sing.
Her eyes are stars, her mind is everything.
Nymph. If she be fickle, shepherd, leave to woo,
Or fancy me.
Shep. No, thou art woman, too.
Nymph. But I am constant.
Shep. Then thou art not fair.
Nymph. Bright as the morning.
Shep. Wavering as the air.
Nymph. What grows upon this cheek?

Shep. A pure carnation.
Nymph. Come, take a kiss.
Shep. O sweet, O sweet temptation!
Chorus. Ah, Love! and canst thou never lose the field?
Where Cupid lays the siege, the town must yield.
He warms the chiller blood with glowing fire,
And thaws the icy frost of cold desire.

SONG.

(*From 'Hey for Honesty.'*)

Now come, my boon companions,
  And let us jovial be;
Though the Indies be the King of Spain's,
  We are as rich as he.

As rich as any King of Spain
  In mirth, if not in wealth,—
Boy, fill me then a bowl of sack:
  I'll drink my mistress' health.

My mistress is but fifteen,
  Her lips is all my bliss:
Go, tell her I will come at night,
  And then prepare to kiss.

THE POET.

FROM witty men and mad
All poetry conception had.

No sires but these will poetry admit:
Madness or wit.

This definition poetry doth fit:
It is witty madness, or mad wit.

Only these two poetic heat admits:
A witty man, or one that's out of 's wits.

PRECEPT.

THY credit wary keep, 'tis quickly gone;
Being got by many actions, lost by one.

A CHARM SONG.

QUIET sleep, or I will make
Erinnys whip thee with a snake,
And cruel Rhadamanthus take
Thy body to the boiling lake,
Where fire and brimstone never slake;
Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ache,
And every joint about thee quake,
And therefore dare not yet to wake.

Quiet sleep, or thou shalt see
The horrid hags of Tartary,
Whose tresses ugly serpents be,
And Cerberus shall bark at thee,
And all the Furies that are three,—
The worst is called Tisiphone,—
Shall lash thee to eternity,
And therefore sleep thou peacefully.

TO A PAINTED MISTRESS.

THERE are who know what once to-day it was—
Your eyes, your conscience, and your morning glass.
How durst you venture that adulterate part,
Belabour'd with your fucus and best art,
To the rude breath of every rash salute?
What did your proffer whisper? expect suit?
You are too pliant with your ear; you wish'd
Pomatum and vermilion might be kissed.
That lip, that cheek, by man was never known,
Those favours you bestow are not your own.
Henceforth such kisses I'll defy, like thee,
Which druggists sell to you, and you to me.

INVOCATION.

COME from thy palace, beauteous Queen of Greece,
Sweet Helen of the world. Rise like the morn,
Clad in the smock of night, that all the stars
May close their eyes, and then, grown blind,
Run weeping to the man i' th' moon,
To borrow his dog to lead the spheres a-begging.

XX.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

1610—1643.

TO CHLOE.

CHLOE, why wish you that your years
  Would backwards run, till they meet mine,
That perfect likeness, which endears
  Things unto things, might us combine?
Our ages so in date agree,
That twins do differ more than we.

There are two births, the one when light
  First strikes the new awak'ned sense;
The other when two souls unite;
  And we must count our life from thence:
When you lov'd me, and I lov'd you,
Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us did new souls give,
And in these souls did plant new pow'rs;
Since when another life we live,
The breath we breathe is his, not ours;
Love makes those young, whom age doth chill,
And whom he finds young, keeps young still.

Love, like that angel that shall call
Our bodies from the silent grave,
Unto one age doth raise us all,
None too much, none too little have;
Nay, that the difference may be none
He makes two not alike, but one.

And now since you and I are such,
Tell me what's yours, and what is mine?
Our eyes, our ears, our taste, smell, touch,
Do, like our souls, in one combine;
So by this, I as well may be
Too old for you, as you for me.

LULLABY.

SEAL up her eyes, O Sleep, but flow
Mild as her manners to and fro;
Slide softly into her that she
May receive no wound from thee.
And ye, present her thoughts, O Dreams,
With hushing winds and purling streams,
Whilst hovering Silence sits without
Careful to keep disturbance out.
Thus seize her, Sleep, thus her again resign,
So what was Heaven's gift we'll reckon thine.

HER FALSEHOOD.

STILL do the stars impart their light
To those that travel in the night;
Still time runs on, nor doth the hand
Or shadow on the dial stand;
The streams still glide and constant are;
Only thy mind
Untrue I find,
Which carelessly
Neglects to be
Like stream, or shadow, hand, or star.

BID ME NOT GO.

Bid me not go where neither suns nor showers
Do make or cherish flowers,
Where discontented things in sadness lie,
And nature grieves as I.
When I am parted from those eyes
From which my better day doth rise,
Though some propitious power
Should plant me in a bower,
Where amongst happy lovers I might see
How showers and sunbeams bring
One everlasting spring;
Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me.
Nature herself to him is lost
Who loseth her he honours most.

XXI.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

1618—1667.

A SUPPLICATION.

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre !
And tell thy silent master's humble tale
In sounds that may prevail ;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire ;
Though, so exalted she,
And I so lowly be
Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark, how the strings awake !
And, though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear
A kind of numerous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try ;
Now all thy charms apply ;
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak, too, thou wilt prove
My passion to remove;
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie,
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy master die.

A PRAYER.

THIS only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Nor from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill known;
Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's, and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he, that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would nor fear, nor wish, my fate;
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

LOVE in her sunny eyes does basking play;
  Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
  And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there:
In all her outward parts Love's always seen;
But oh! he never went within.

FILL THE BOWL.

FILL the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine,
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses, smile.
Crowned with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here!
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow,
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

TYRIAN dye why do you wear,
You whose cheeks best scarlet are?
Why do you fondly pin
Pure linen o'er your skin,
Your skin that's whiter far?—
Casting a dusky cloud before a star.

Why bears your neck a golden chain?
Did Nature make your hair in vain,
Of gold most pure and fine?
With gems why do you shine?
They, neighbours to your eyes,
Show but like Phosphor when the Sun doth rise.

I would have all my mistress' parts
Owe more to Nature than the arts;
I would not woo the dress,
Or one whose nights give less
Contentment than the day;
She's fair whose beauty only makes her gay.

THE CHRONICLE.

MARGARITTA first possest, if I remember well, my Breast,
Margaritta first of all;
But when a while the wanton Maid with my restless heart had plaid,
Martha took the flying Ball.

Martha soon did it resign to the beauteous Katharine;
Beauteous Katharine gave Place
(Though loth and angry she to part with the possession of my Heart)
To Elisa's conquering face.

THE WISH.

WELL, then; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
  Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
  And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings,
  Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
  Both wise, and both delightful too!
  And since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
  Only belov'd, and loving me!

Oh, fountains! when in you shall I
Myself eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
Oh, fields! oh, woods! when, when shall I be
    made
  The happy tenant of your shade?
  Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood;
Where all the riches lie, that she
  Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetched metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended hither
From Heav'n did always choose their way;
And therefore we may boldly say
That 'tis the way to thither.

How happy here should I,
And one dear she, live and embracing die!
She, who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

XXII.

SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

1606—1668.

SONG.

THE lark now leaves his watery nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings;
He takes your window for the east,
And to implore your light, he sings;
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes:
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

THE DYING LOVER.

DEAR Love, let me this evening die,
  O smile not to prevent it!
Dead with my rivals let me lie,
  Or we shall both repent it.
Frown quickly then, and break my heart,
  That so my way of dying
May, tho' my life was full of smart,
  Be worth the world's envying.

Some, striving knowledge to refine,
  Consume themselves with thinking;
And some, who friendship seal in wine,
  Are kindly kill'd with drinking.
And some are wreck'd on th' Indian coast,
  Thither by gain invited;
Some are in smoke of battle lost,
  Whom drums, not lutes, delighted.

Alas, how poorly these depart,
  Their graves still unattended!
Who dies not of a broken heart
  Is not of death commended.
His memory is only sweet,
  All praise and pity moving,
Who kindly at his mistress' feet
  Does die with overloving.

And now let lovers ring their bells
  For me, poor youth departed,
Who kindly in his love excels,
  By dying broken-hearted.
My grave with flowers let lovers strew,
  Which, if thy tears fall near them,
May so transcend in scent and show,
  As thou wilt shortly wear them.

XXIII.

JOHN CLEVELAND.

1613—1658.

A SONG OF SACK.

COME let's drink away the time,
When wine runs high, wit's in the prime,
Drink and stout drinkers are true joys;
Odd sonnets and such little toys
Are exercises fit for boys.

The whining lover that doth place
His fancy on a painted face,
And wastes his substance in the chase,
Would ne'er in melancholy pine
Had he affections so divine
As once to fall in love with wine.

Then to our liquor let us sit;
Wine makes the soul for actions fit.
Who drinks most wine hath the most wit:
The gods themselves do revels keep,
And in pure nectar tipple deep
When slothful mortals are asleep.

The gods then let us imitate,
Secure from carping care and fate;
Wine, wit and courage both create.
In wine Apollo always chose,
His darkest oracles to disclose,
'Twas wine gave him his ruby nose.

Who dares not drink's a wretched wight,
Nor do I think that man dares fight
All day, that dares not drink at night;
Come fill my cup until it swim,
With foam that overlooks the brim.
Who drinks the deepest? Here's to him.

ON PHILLIS, WALKING BEFORE SUNRISE.

THE sluggish morn as yet undress'd,
My Phillis brake from out her rest,
As if she'd made a match to run
With Venus, usher to the sun,
The trees (like yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Rank'd on each side with loyal duty),
Wave branches to enclose her beauty.
The wingèd choristers began
To chirp their matins; and the fan
Of whistling winds, like organs play'd
Unto their voluntaries, made
The waken'd earth in odours rise
To be her morning sacrifice;
The flowers, call'd out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowsy heads;
And he that for their colour seeks
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where roses mix; no civil war
Between her York and Lancaster.
The marigold whose courtier's face
Echoes the sun and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop,
Mistakes her cue, and doth display;
Thus Phillis antedates the day.

XXIV.

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

1618—1702.

LYCORIS.

LATELY by clear Thames, his side
  Fair Lycoris I espied,
With the pen of her white hand
These words printing on the sand:
  None Lycoris doth approve,
  But Mirtillo for her love.
Ah, false Nymph, those words were fit
  In sand only to be writ:
  For the quickly rising streams
  Of Oblivion and the Thames
  In a little moment's stay
  From the shore wash'd clean away
  What thy hand had there impress'd,
  And Mirtillo from thy breast.

THERE'S NO DALLYING WITH LOVE.

THERE'S no dallying with love,
  Although he be a child and blind;
Then let none the danger prove
  Who would to himself be kind;
Smile he does when thou dost play,
But his smiles to death betray.

Lately with the boy I sported,
  Love I did not, yet love feigned,
Had not mistress, yet I courted,
  Sigh I did, yet was not pained;
Till at last this love in jest
Proved in earnest my unrest.

When I saw my fair one first,
  In a feignèd fire I burned,
But true flames my poor heart pierced
  When her eyes on mine she turned.
So a real wound I took
For my counterfeited look.

None who loves not then make show,
  Love's as ill deceived as fate,
Fly the boy, he'll cog and woo,
  Mock him, and he wounds thee straight.
Ah! who dally boast in vain,
False love wants not real pain.

THE MAGNET.

SHALL I hopeless then pursue
A fair shadow that still flies me?
Shall I still adore and woo
A proud heart that does despise me?
I a constant love may so,
But, alas! a fruitless show.

Shall I by the erring light
Of two crossing stars still sail,
That do shine, but shine in spite,
Not to guide, but make me fail?
I a wandering course may steer,
But the harbour ne'er come near.

Whilst these thoughts my soul possess
Reason passion would o'ersway,
Bidding me my flames suppress
Or divert some other way;
But what reason would pursue,
That my heart runs counter to.

So a pilot, bent to make
Search for some unfound-out land,
Does with him the magnet take,
Sailing to the unknown strand;
But that, steer which way he will,
To the lovèd North points still.

BY A GENTLE RIVER LAID.

By a gentle river laid,
Thirsis to his Phillis said:
'Equal to these sandy grains
Is the number of my pains;
And the drops within their bounds
Speak the sum of all my wounds.'

Phillis, whom like passion burns,
Thirsis answer thus returns:
'Many as the Earth hath leaves
Are the griefs my heart receives;
And the stars, which Heaven inspires,
Reckon my consuming fires.'

Then the shepherd in the pride
Of his happy love reply'd:
'With the choristers of air
Shall our numerous joys compare;
And our mutual pleasures vie
With the Cupids in thy eye.'

Thus the willing shepherdess
Did her ready love express:
'In delights our pains shall cease,
And our wars be cured by peace;
We will count our griefs with blisses,
Thousand torments, thousand kisses.'

VIOLETS IN THAUMANTIA'S BOSOM.

TWICE happy violets ! that first had birth
In the warm spring, when no frosts nip the earth ;
Thrice happy now ; since you transplanted are
Unto the sweeter bosom of my fair.

XXV.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE.

1608—1666.

OF BEAUTY.

LET us use it while we may,
Snatch those joys that haste away!
Earth her winter coat may cast,
And renew her beauty past;
But, our winter come, in vain
We solicit Spring again;
And when our furrows snow shall cover
Love may return, but never lover.

XXVI.

THOMAS STANLEY.

1625—1678.

LOVE'S HERETIC.

WHERESOE'ER I turn or move
A new passion doth detain me:
Those kind beauties that do love,
Or those proud ones that disdain me;
This frown melts, and that smile burns me,
This to tears, that ashes turns me.

She whose loosely flowing hair,
Scattered like the beams o' th' morn,
Playing with the sportive air,
Hides the sweets it doth adorn,
Captive in that net restrains me,
In those golden fetters chains me.

Soft fresh virgins, not full blown,
With their youthful sweetness take me;
Sober matrons, that have known
Long since what these prove, awake me;
Here staid coldness I admire,
There the lively active fire.

She that doth by skill dispense
  Every favour she bestows,
Or the harmless innocence,
  Which nor court nor city knows,
Both alike my soul enflame,
That wild beauty, and this tame.

NIGHT.

Charissa. WHAT if Night
Should betray us, and reveal
To the light
All the pleasures that we steal?

Philocharis. Fairest! we
Safely may this fear despise;
How can she
See our actions who wants eyes?

Charissa. Each dim star
And the clearer lights, we know,
Night's eyes are;
They were blind that thought her so!

Philocharis. Those pale fires
Only burn to yield a light
To our desires,
And though blind, to give us sight.

Charissa. By this shade,
That surrounds us, might our flame
Be betray'd
And the day disclose its name.

Philocharis. Dearest Fair!
These dark witnesses we find
Silent are;
Night is dumb as well as blind.

CELIA SINGING.

Roses in breathing forth their scent,
Or stars their borrowed ornament;
Nymphs in the watery sphere that move,
Or angels in the orbs above;
The winged chariot of the light,
Or the slow, silent wheels of night;
The shade, which from the swifter sun
Doth in a swifter motion run;
Or souls that their eternal rest do keep,
Make far less noise than Celia's breath in sleep.

But if the Angel, which inspires
This subtle flame with active fires
Should mould this breath to words, and those
Into a harmony dispose,
The music of this heavenly sphere
Would steal each soul out at the ear,
And into plants and stones infuse
A life that cherubim would choose,
And with new powers invert the laws of fate,
Kill those that live, and dead things animate.

FRIENDSHIP.

You earthly souls that court a wanton flame,
  Whose pale, weak influence
Can rise no higher than the humble name
  And narrow laws of sense,
Learn, by our friendship, to create
  An immaterial fire,
Whose brightness angels may admire,
  But cannot emulate.

Sickness may fright the roses from her cheek,
  Or make the lilies fade,
But all the subtle ways that Death doth seek
  Cannot my love invade.
Flames that are kindled by the eye,
  Through time and age expire,
But ours, that boast a reach far higher,
  Can nor decay nor die.

FAREWELL.

YET ere I go,
Disdainful Beauty, thou shalt be
So wretched, as to know
What joys thou fling'st away with me.

A faith so bright
As Time or Fortune could not rust;
So firm, that lovers might
Have read thy story in thy dust,

And crowned thy name
With laurel verdant as thy youth,
Whilst the shrill voice of Fame
Spread wide thy beauty and my truth.

This thou hast lost,
For all true lovers, when they find
That my just aims were crost,
Will speak thee lighter than the wind.

And none will lay
Any oblation on thy shrine,
But such as would betray
Thy faith, to faiths as false as thine.

THE TOMB.

WHEN, cruel fair one, I am slain
By thy disdain,
And, as a trophy of thy scorn,
To some old tomb am borne,
Thy fetters must their power bequeath
To those of Death;
Nor can thy flame immortal burn,
Like monumental fires within an urn;
Thus freed from thy proud empire, I shall prove
There is more liberty in Death than Love.

And when forsaken lovers come
To see my tomb,
Take heed thou mix not with the crowd,
And, as a victor, proud,
To view the spoils thy beauty made,
Press near my shade,
Lest thy too cruel breath or name
Should fan my ashes back into a flame,
And thou, devour'd by this revengeful fire,
His sacrifice, who died as thine, expire.

But if cold earth, or marble, must
Conceal my dust,
Whilst hid in some dark ruins I,
Dumb and forgotten, lie,
The pride of all thy victory
Will sleep with me;
And they who should attest thy glory
Will, or forget, or not believe this story.
Then to increase thy triumph let me rest,
Since by thine eye slain, buried in thy breast.

XXVII.

EDMUND WALLER.

1605—1687.

HER FACE.

MAY not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosom of this deep?
No; 'tis so rockless and so clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Paved with all precious things; not torn
From shipwrecked vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, truth, and every grace
Which time and use are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her face.

HER GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined,
Shall now my joyful temples bind ;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move !

A narrow compass ! And yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair ;
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

THE ERRAND OF THE ROSE.

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

TO MY YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY.

WHY came I so untimely forth
  Into a world, which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth,
  Or shadow of felicity?
That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love!

Yet, fairest blossom, do not slight
  That age which you may know so soon;
The rosy morn resigns her light
  And milder glory to the noon;
And then what wonders shall you do,
Whose dawning beauty warms us so?

Hope waits upon the flowery prime;
  And Summer, though it be less gay,
Yet is not looked on in a time
  Of declination or decay;
For with a full hand that does bring
All that was promised by the Spring.

BEHOLD THE BRAND OF BEAUTY TOSS'D.

BEHOLD the brand of beauty toss'd !
  See how the motion does dilate the flame !
Delighted love his spoils does boast,
  And triumph in this game.
Fire, to no place confined,
  Is both our wonder and our fear ;
Moving the mind,
  As lightning hurlèd through the air.

High heaven the glory does increasc
  Of all her shining lamps, this artful way ;
The sun in figures, such as these,
  Joys with the moon to play ;
To the sweet strains they advance,
  Which do result from their own spheres,
As this nymph's dance
  Moves with the numbers which she hears.

THE BUD.

LATELY on yonder swelling bush
  Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
  And did but half itself disclose;
I plucked it, though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
  With such a purple light they shone
As if they had been made of fire,
  And spreading so, would flame anon.
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
  What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love, and music too,
  When Flavia it aspires to move;
When that, which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

ON A PREDE OF DIVERS COLOURS

WOVEN BY FOUR LADIES.

TWICE twenty slender virgin fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies shine.
As Nature them, so they this shade have wrought,
Soft as their hands and various as their thought.
Not Juno's bird when, his fair train dispread,
He woos the female to his painted bed,
No, not the bow, which so adorns the skies,
So glorious is, or boasts so many dies.

TO MR. HENRY LAWES,

WHO HAD NEWLY SET A SONG OF MINE IN THE YEAR 1635.

VERSE makes heroic virtue live;
But you can life to verses give.
As when in open air we blow,
The breath, though strained, sounds flat and low;
But if a trumpet takes the blast,
It lifts it high and makes it last;
So in your airs our numbers drest
Make a shrill sally from the breast
Of nymphs, who, singing what we penned,
Our passions to themselves commend;
While love, victorious with thy art,
Governs at once their voice and heart.

TO A LADY

SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

CHLORIS, yourself you so excel,
  When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought
That, like a spirit, with this spell
  Of my own teaching I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
  Which on the shaft that made him die
Espied a feather of his own,
  Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

ON THE PICTURE OF A FAIR YOUTH

TAKEN AFTER HE WAS DEAD.

As gathered flowers, while their wounds are new,
Look gay and fresh, as the stalk they grew;
Torn from the root that nourished them, awhile
(Not taking notice of their fate) they smile,
And, in the hand which rudely plucked them, show
Fairer than those that to their autumn grow.
So love and beauty still that visage grace;
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place;
Alive, the crooked hand of age had marred
Those lovely features which cold death has spared.

HIS LAST VERSES.

THE seas are quiet now the wind gives o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it is to boast
Of fleeting things so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceals that emptiness that age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new life through chinks that Time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

XXVIII.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

1615—1668.

LOVE AND HATE.

Love, making all things else his foes,
Like a fierce torrent overflows
Whatever doth his course oppose.

This was the cause, the poets sung
Thy mother from the sea was sprung,
But they were mad to make thee young.

Love is as old as place or time,
'Twas he the fatal tree did climb,
Grandsire of Father Adam's crime.

Love drowsy days and stormy nights
Makes, and breaks friendship, whose delights
Feed, but not glut our appetites.

Love! in what poison is thy dart
Dipped, when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know but they who feel the smart.

Such is the world's preposterous fate,
Amongst all creatures, mortal hate,
Love, though immortal, doth create.

SONG.

MORPHEUS, the humble god that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down,
And, though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charming rod
Dipt in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep and never wake!

Nature, alas! why art thou so
Obligèd to thy greatest foe?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

XXIX.

ALEXANDER BROME.

1620—1666.

THE COUNSEL.

WHY's my friend so melancholy?
  Prythee why so sad, so sad?
Beauty's vain and love's a folly,
  Wealth and women make men mad.
To him that has a heart that's jolly
  Nothing's grevious, nothing's sad:
    Come, cheer up, my lad!

Does thy mistress seem to fly thee
  Prythee don't repine, repine;
If at first she do deny thee
  Of her love, deny her thine;
She shows her coyness but to try thee,
  And will triumph if thou pine:
    Drown thy thoughts in wine!

Try again, and don't give over,
  Ply her, she's thine own, thine own;
Cowardice undoes a lover,
  They are tyrants if you moan;
If nor thyself nor love can move her,
  But she'll slight thee, and be gone:
    Let her, then, alone!

TO A COY LADY.

I PRITHEE leave this peevish fashion,
  Don't desire to be high-priz'd,
Love's a princely noble passion,
  And doth scorn to be despis'd.
Though we say you're fair, you know
We your beauty do bestow,—
For our fancy makes you so.

Don't be proud 'cause we adore you,
  We do 't only for our pleasure,
And those parts in which you glory
  We by fancy weigh and measure.
When for deities you go,
For angels, or for queens, pray know,—
'Tis our fancy makes you so.

THE RESOLVE.

TELL me not of a face that's fair,
  Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
  Nor curls in order laid;
Nor of a rare, seraphic voice
  That like an angel sings,
Though if I were to have my choice
  I would have all these things.
But, if that thou wilt have me love,
  And it must be a She,
The only argument can move
  Is, that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
  But metaphors of things,
And but resemble what we see
  Each common object brings.
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
  Lilies their whiteness stain:
What fool is he that shadows seeks
  And may the substance gain!
Then if thou'lt have me love a lass
  Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the glass
  That's with Canary lin'd.

TO HIS FRIEND THAT HAD VOWED SMALL-BEER.

LEAVE off, fond hermit, leave thy vow,
And fall again to drinking;
That beauty that won't sack allow,
Is hardly worth thy thinking.
Dry love or small can never hold,
And, without Bacchus, Venus soon grows cold.

Dost think by turning anchorite,
Or a dull small-beer sinner,
Thy cold embraces can invite,
Or sprightless courtship win her?
No, 'tis Canary that inspires,
'Tis sack, like oil, gives flame to am'rous fires.

This makes thee chant thy mistress' name,
And to the Heavens to raise her;
And range this universal frame
For epithets to praise her.
Low liquors render brains unwitty,
And ne'er provoke to love, but move to pity.

SONG.

I HAVE been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
  This many and many year;
And these three are plagues, enough, one would
    think,
  For one poor mortal to bear.
'Twas drink made me fall into love,
  And love made me fall into debt;
And though I have struggled and struggled and
    strove,
  I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
  And rid me of all my pain;
  'Twill pay all my debts,
  And remove all my lets;
And my mistress that cannot endure me,
  Will love me, and love me again.

'TIS NOT HER BIRTH.

'Tis not her birth, her friends, nor yet her treasure,
Nor do I covet her for sensual pleasure,
Nor for that old morality,
Do I love her 'cause she loves me.
Sure he that loves his lady 'cause she's fair,
Delights his eye, so loves himself, not her.
Something there is moves me to love, and I
Do know I love, but know not how, nor why.

XXX.

CHARLES COTTON.

1630—1687.

SONG.

See, how like twilight slumber falls
T' obscure the glory of those balls;
And as she sleeps,
See how light creeps
Through the chinks and beautifies
The rayey fringe of her fair eyes.

Observe Love's feuds, how fast they fly
To every heart from her clos'd eye.
What then will she
When waking be?
A glowing light for all t' admire,
Such as would set the world on fire.

Then seal her eyelids, gentle sleep,
Whilst cares of her mine open keep,
Lock up, I say,
Those doors of day,
Which with the morn for lustre strive,
That I may look on her, and live.

TO CHLORIS.

FAREWELL, my sweet, until I come,
  Improv'd in merit, for thy sake,
With characters of honour, home
  Such as thou canst not then but take.

To loyalty my love must bow,
  My honour, too, calls to the field,
Where for a lady's busk I now
  Must keen and sturdy iron wield.

Yet, when I rush into these arms,
  Where death and danger do combine,
I shall less subject be to harms
  Than to those killing eyes of thine.

COME, LET'S MIND OUR DRINKING.

COME, let's mind our drinking,
Away with this thinking;
It ne'er that I heard of did any one good;
Prevents not disaster,
But brings it the faster,
Mischance is by mirth and by courage withstood.

He ne'er can recover
The day that is over,
The present is with us, and does threaten no ill;
He's a fool that will sorrow
For the thing call'd to-morrow,
But the hour we've in hand we may wield as we will.

A night of good drinking
Is worth a year's thinking,
There's nothing that kills us so surely as sorrow;
Then to drown our cares, boys,
Let's drink up the stairs, boys,
Each face of the gang will a sun be to-morrow.

XXXI.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

1634—1694.

COUNSEL TO LOVERS.

Ye happy swains, whose hearts are free
From Love's imperial chain,
Take warning and be taught by me,
T' avoid th' enchanting pain.
Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,—
Fierce winds to blossoms prove,
To careless seamen, hidden rocks,
To human quiet, love.

Then fly the Fair, if bliss you prize;
The snake's beneath the flower;
Who ever gazed on beauteous eyes,
And tasted quiet more?
How faithless is the lover's joy!
How constant is his care!
The Kind with falsehood do destroy,
The Cruel, with despair.

TO CELIA.

It is not, Celia, in your power
To say how long our love will last;
It may be we, within this hour,
May lose those joys we now do taste;
The blessed, who immortal be,
From change of love are only free.

Then since we mortal lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will last;
But while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure past.
Were it not madness to deny
To live, because we're sure to die?

Fear not, though love and beauty fail,
My reason shall my heart direct;
Your kindness now shall then prevail,
And passion turn into respect.
Celia, at worst, you'll in the end
But change a lover for a friend.

XXXII.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

1639—1701.

SONG.

PHYLLIS, you have enough enjoy'd
  The pleasures of disdain;
Methinks your pride should now be cloy'd
  And grow itself again;
Open to love your long-shut breast,
  And entertain its sweetest guest.

Love heals the wounds that beauty gives,
  And can ill-usage slight;
He laughs at all that fate contrives,
  Full of his own delight;
We in his chains are happier far
  Than kings themselves without them are.

Leave then to tame philosophy
  The joys of quietness,
With me into love's empire fly,
  And taste my happiness;
Where even tears and sighs can show
  Pleasures the cruel never know.

TO PHILLIS.

PHILLIS, men say that all my vows
  Are to thy fortune paid;
Alas! my heart he little knows,
  Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,
  One berry from thy hand
More real pleasure would afford
  Than all my large command.

My humble love has learn'd to live
  On what the nicest maid,
Without a conscious blush, may give
  Beneath the myrtle shade.

SONG.

PHYLLIS is my only joy,
  Faithless as the winds and seas,
Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy,
  Yet she never fails to please;
    If with a frown
    I am cast down,
    Phyllis smiling
    And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas! too late I find
  Nothing can her fancy fix,
Yet the moment she is kind
  I forgive her with her tricks;
    Which, though, I see,
    I can't get free;
    She deceiving,
    I believing,—
What need lovers wish for more?

SONG.

Ah, Chloris! could I now but sit
  As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
  No happiness or pain!
When I this dawning did admire,
  And praised the coming day,
I little thought the rising fire
  Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
  Like metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away
  Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms insensibly
  To their perfection prest,
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
  And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
  While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
  Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part;
  To make a lover, He
Employed the utmost of his art—
  To make a beauty, She.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS, I cannot say your eyes
Did my unwary heart surprise;
Nor will I swear it was your face,
Your shape, or any nameless grace;
For you are so entirely fair,
To love a part injustice were:
So when the stars in heav'n appear,
And join to make the night look clear,
The light we no one's bounty call,
But the obliging gift of all.
He that does lips or hands adore,
Deserves them only and no more;
But I love all and every part,
And nothing else can ease my heart.
Cupid, that lover weakly strikes
Who can express what 'tis he likes.

A SONG.

As Amoret with Phillis sat
  One evening on the plain,
And saw the charming Strephon wait
  To tell the nymph his pain;
The threatening danger to remove
  She whispered in her ear:
Ah! Phillis, if you would not love,
  This shepherd do not hear,
None ever had so strange an art,
  His passion to convey
Into a list'ning virgin's heart,
  And steal her soul away.
Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
  Occasion for your fate.
'In vain,' said she, 'in vain I strive,
  Alas! 'tis now too late.'

THINK NOT BY DISDAIN.

CELINDA, think not by disdain
  To vanquish my desire,
By telling me I sigh in vain
  And feed a hopeless fire;
Despair itself too weak does prove
  Your beauty to disarm;
By Fate I was ordain'd to love
  As you were born to charm.

SONG.

Love, when 'tis true, needs not the aid
  Of sighs nor oaths to make it known;
And, to convince the cruel'st maid,
  Lovers should use their love alone.

Into their very looks 'twill steal,
  And he that most would hide his flame
Does in that ease his pain reveal;
  Silence itself can love proclaim.

I could not sigh, and with cross'd arms
  Accuse your rigour and my fate;
Nor tax your beauty with such charms
  As men adore and women hate;

But careless lov'd, and without art,
  Knowing my love you must have spied,
And thinking it a foolish part
  To set to show what none can hide.

TO CELIA.

NOT, Celia, that I juster am
  Or better than the rest;
For I would change each hour, like them,
  Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
  By every thought I have;
Thy face I only care to see,
  Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored
  In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford
  The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,
  And still make love anew?
When change itself can give no more,
  'Tis easy to be true.

SONG.

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalm'd in clearest days,
And in rough weather toss'd;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port;
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
Their vessel drives again.

XXXIII.

CHARLES SACKVILLE,

EARL OF DORSET.

1637—1706.

SONG WRITTEN AT SEA.

To all you Ladies now on land
  We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
  How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
    With a fa la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
  And fill our empty brain,
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
  To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.

Then if we write not by each post,
  Think not we are unkind,
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
  By Dutchman, or by wind;
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall waft them twice a day.

The king with wonder and surprise
  Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise,
  Than e'er they did of old;
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall-Stairs.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
  Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
  And quit their forts at Goree,
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?

Let wind and weather do its worst,
  Be you to us but kind,
Let Dutchman vapour, Spaniards curse,
  No sorrow we shall find;
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

To pass our tedious hours away,
  We throw a merry main,
Or else at serious ombre play,
  But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you!

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away,
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play,—
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand or flirt your fan.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it sighed with each man's care,
For being so remote,
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were played.

In justice you can not refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
And those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.

ON THE COUNTESS OF DORCHESTER.

TELL me, Dorinda, why so gay,
  Why such embroidery, fringe, and lace?
Can any dresses find a way
To stop the approaches of decay,
  And mend a ruin'd face.

Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,
  Still ogle in the ring?
Canst thou forget thy age, thy locks,
Can all that shines on shells and rocks
  Make thee a fine young thing?

SONG.

DORINDA'S sparkling wit and eyes
United cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace,
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

SONG.

PHILLIS, for shame, let us improve
A thousand different ways
Those few short moments snatched by love
From many tedious days.

If you want courage to despise
The censure of the grave,
Though love's a tyrant in your eyes,
Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride,
Nor can it e'er submit
To let that fop, Discretion, ride
In triumph over it.

False friends I have, as well as you,
Who daily counsel me
Fame and ambition to pursue,
And leave off loving thee.

But when the least regard I show
To fools who thus advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserably wise.

SONG.

MAY the ambitious ever find
  Success in crowds and noise,
While gentle love does fill my mind
  With silent real joys.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
  And the world think them wise,
While I lie dying at her feet,
  And all the world despise !

Let conquering kings their triumphs raise,
  And melt in court delights ;
Her eyes can give much brighter days,
  Her arms much softer nights.

XXXIV.

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

EARL OF MULGRAVE

(DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE).

1649—1721.

SONG.

FROM all uneasy passions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealousy,
Contented, I had been too blest,
If love and you had let me rest;
Yet that dull life I now despise;
Safe from your eyes
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidst a thousand kind desires,
Which beauty moves and love inspires;
Such pangs I feel of tender fear
No heart so soft as mine can bear.
Yet I'll defy the worst of harms;
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

SONG.

COME let us now resolve at last
  To live and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot so very fast
  That Time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove
  Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the most tender part of love
  Each other to forgive.

When least I seem concerned, I took
  No pleasure, nor no rest;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
  Alas! I loved you best.

Own but the same to me, you'll find
  How blest will be your fate:
O, to be happy, to be kind,
  Sure never is too late.

XXXV.

JOHN WILMOT,

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

1647—1680.

SONG.

My dear Mistress has a heart
  Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with love's resistless art,
  And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak,
  She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
  Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
She can dress her eyes in love,
  And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks,
  She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

SONG.

GIVE me leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due;
To call you false, and then to say
You shall not keep my heart a day;
But alas! against my will,
I must be your captive still.
Ah! be kinder, then, for I
Cannot change and would not die.

Kindness has resistless charms,
All besides but weakly move;
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.
Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade;
It gilds the lover's servile chain,
And makes the slaves grow pleas'd again.

UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL.

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor us'd of old;
Show all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek,
With war I've nought to do,
I'm none of those that took Maestrick,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fix'd stars, or constellations;
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine,
Then add two lovely boys;
Their limbs in amorous folds entwine,
The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,
  May Drink and Love still reign!
With wine I wash away my care,
  And then to love again.

A DIALOGUE.

Strephon.

PRITHEE, now, fond fool, give o'er;
Since my heart is gone before,
To what purpose should I stay?
Love commands the other way.

Daphne.

Perjur'd swain, I knew the time
When dissembling was your crime;
In pity now employ that art,
Which first betrayed, to ease my heart.

Strephon.

Women can with pleasure feign,
Men dissemble still with pain.
What advantage will it prove,
If I lie, who cannot love?

Daphne.

Tell me then the reason, why
Love from hearts in love does fly?
Why the bird will build a nest,
Where she ne'er intends to rest?

Strephon.

Love, like other little boys,
Cries for hearts, as they for toys;
Which, when gained, in childish play,
Wantonly are thrown away.

Daphne.

Still on wing, or on his knees,
Love does nothing by degrees,
Basely flying when most prized,
Meanly fawning when despised.
Flattering or insulting ever,
Generous and grateful never;
All his joys are fleeting dreams,
All his vows severe extremes.

Strephon.

Nymph, unjustly you inveigh;
Love, like us, must fate obey.
Since 'tis nature's law to change,
Constancy alone is strange.
See the Heavens in lightning break,
Next in storms of thunder speak;
Till a kind rain from above
Makes a calm,—so 'tis in love.
Flames begin our first address,
Like meeting thunder we embrace,
Then, you know, the showers that fall
Quench the fire, and quiet all.

Daphne.

How should I the showers forget?
'Twas so pleasant to be wet!
They kill'd love, I knew it well;
I died all the while they fell.
Say, at least, what nymph it is
Robs my breast of so much bliss?
If she's fair, I shall be eas'd,
Through my ruin you'll be pleas'd.

Strephon.

Daphne never was so fair,
Strephon, scarcely, so sincere.
Gentle, innocent, and free,
Ever pleased with only me.
Many charms my heart enthral,
But there's one above them all:
With aversion she does fly
Tedious, trading, Constancy.

Daphne.

Cruel shepherd! I submit,
Do what Love and you think fit:
Change is fate, and not design,—
Say you would have still been mine.

Strephon.

Nymph, I cannot; 'tis too true,
Change has greater charms than you.
Be by my example wise,
Faith to pleasure sacrifice.

Daphne.

Silly swain, I'll have you know
'Twas my practice long ago:
Whilst you vainly thought me true,
I was false in scorn of you.
By my tears, my heart's disguise,
I thy love and thee despise.
Womankind more joy discovers
Making fools than making lovers.

INSULTING BEAUTY, YOU MIS-SPEND.

INSULTING beauty, you mis-spend
  Those frowns upon your slave ;
Your scorn against such rebels bend
Who dare with confidence pretend
That other eyes their hearts defend
  From all the charms you have.

Your conquering eyes so partial are,
  Or mankind is so dull,
That while I languish in despair
Many proud, senseless hearts declare
They find you not so killing fair
  To wish you merciful.

They an inglorious freedom boast ;
  I triumph in my chain ;
Nor am I unrevenged, though lost,
Nor you unpunished, though unjust,
When I alone, who love you most,
  Am killed with your disdain.

TO CORINNA.

WHAT cruel pains Corinna takes,
To force that harmless frown ;
When not one charm her face forsakes,
Love cannot lose his own.

So sweet a face, so soft a heart,
Such eyes so very kind,
Betray, alas, the silly art,
Virtue had ill designed.

Poor, feeble tyrant ! who in vain
Would proudly take upon her,
Against kind nature to maintain
Affected rules of honour !

The scorn she bears so helpless proves,
When I plead passion to her,
That much she fears (but more she loves)
Her vassal should undo her !

THE MISTRESS.

An age, in her embraces past,
Would seem a winter's day;
Where life and light, with envious haste,
Are torn and snatched away.

But, oh! how slowly minutes roll
When absent from her eyes;
That fed my love, which is my soul,
It languishes and dies.

For then, no more a soul but shade,
It mournfully does move;
And haunts my breast, by absence made
The living tomb of love.

You wiser men despise me not;
Whose love-sick fancy raves,
On shades of souls, and heaven knows what!—
Short ages live in graves.

Whene'er those wounding eyes, so full
Of sweetness you did see,
Had you not been profoundly dull,
You had gone mad like me.

SONG.

WHILE on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures a blest amaze,
His pleasing happy ruin,
'Tis not for pity that I move,
His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego,
Your slave from death removing;
Let me your art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving;
But whether death or life betide,
In love 'tis equal measure;
The victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquished die with pleasure.

LOVE AND LIFE.

ALL my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone;
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present moment's all my lot;
And that, as soon as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

My light thou art, without thy glorious sight
My eyes are darken'd with eternal night;
My Love, thou art my way, my life, my light.

Thou art my way, I wander if thou fly;
Thou art my light, if hid, how blind am I!
Thou art my life, if thou withdraw'st I die.

Thou art my life, if thou but turn away,
My life's a thousand deaths. Thou art my way;
Without thee, Love, I travel not, but stray.

CONSTANCY.

I CANNOT change, as others do,
  Though you unjustly scorn;
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
  For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no, your heart to move
  A surer way I'll try;
And to revenge my slighted love,
  Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

When killed with grief, Amyntas lies,
  And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpitied rise,
  The tears that vainly fall;
That welcome hour, that ends this smart,
  Will then begin your pain;
For such a faithful, tender heart
  Can never break, can never break, in vain.

SONG.

DEAR, from thine arms then let me fly,
That my fantastic mind may prove
The torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fixed heart from my love.

When wearied with a world of woe
To thy safe bosom I retire,
Where love, and peace, and truth, do flow,
May I contented there expire!

Lest, once more wandering from that heaven,
I fall on some base heart unblest,
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
And lose my everlasting rest.

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX OF WRITERS.

I. WILLIAM BROWNE (1590-1645) was born at Tavistock, educated at Exeter College, Oxford, which he left without taking a degree, and entered the Inner Temple in 1611. He was at one time tutor to the Earl of Carnarvon, and on his death, in 1643, he received the patronage of the Earl of Pembroke. He died at Ottery-St.-Mary in 1645. The first part of his chief work, *Britannia's Pastorals*, was published in 1613; the second part in 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death. A third part was unknown till 1851, when it was published from a manuscript in the Cathedral Library at Salisbury. He is said to have been assisted in his other pastoral poem, *The Shepherd's Pipe*, by Wither, published in 1614. His *Inner Temple Masque* was written to be represented by members of that society in January 1614-15.

II. WILLIAM DRUMMOND, of Hawthornden (1585-1649), the son of Sir John Drummond, Gentleman Usher to King James, was born at that Hawthornden near Edinburgh with which his name has ever since been associated. He was an ardent Royalist, and there is a story that the execution of Charles hastened his own death. He was intimate with Ben Jonson and Drayton, and a historical visit was paid to him by the former at Hawthornden. His first work was *Teares on the Death of Moeliades* (Prince Henry), 1612. Besides this he published *Wandering Muses, or the River Forth Feasting*, 'a panegyricke to the king's most excellent majestie,' 1617; *Flowers of Zion*, 1623; and a moral treatise in prose, entitled the *Cypress Grove;* besides a number of occasional poems. The *Conversations with Ben Jonson* was written in 1619.

III. SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER, Earl of Stirling (1580-1640), a friend of Drummond, was Secretary of State for Scotland for

fifteen years, from 1626 until his death, and he shared a considerable amount of the obloquy which fell on Charles I. for his attempt to establish Episcopacy in the North. He was a prolific poet, though none of his productions have attained lasting fame. His first publication was a volume entitled *Aurora, First Fancies of the Author's Youth*, in praise of the lady whom he styles Aurora. He wrote several tragedies, one on the subject of Julius Cæsar, and a sacred poem, in twelve parts, on the *Day of Judgment*. In 1637 he published a complete edition of his works, with the title of *Recreations with the Muses*.

IV. SIR ROBERT AYTON (1570-1638) was born at the castle of Kincaldie, in the parish of Cameron, near St. Andrews. After a university career at the latter place, he went on the customary round of continental travel, and also studied law at the University of Paris. James I. appointed him Gentleman of the Bedchamber and Private Secretary to the Queen. In 1636 he was made Master of Requests and Ceremonies, and a Privy Councillor. He has a tomb and monument in Westminster Abbey.

V. GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667) was a native of Hampshire and an alumnus of Magdalen College, Oxford. He was a voluminous author, and his literary career extended from 1612-1641. The dates of his chief works are as follows:—1613, *Abuses Stript and Whipt;* 1613, *Fidelia and Shepherds Hunting;* 1618, *The Motto;* 1622, *The Mistress of Philarete;* 1623, *Hymns and Songs of the Church;* 1628, *Britain's Remembrancer;* 1635, *Emblems;* 1641, *Hallelujah*. His *Abuses Stript and Whipt* earned him an imprisonment in the Marshalsea, which he lightened by composing his *Shepherds Hunting*. He took the popular side in the Civil War, and rose to high rank in Cromwell's army. At the Restoration he was stripped of his possessions, and thrown into prison for remonstrating.

VI. NATHANIEL FIELD (1587-1638), actor and dramatist, was the son of the Rev. John Field, an author who distinguished himself by a violent attack on theatrical entertainments. The son acted in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster* and *Epicene*. He wrote *A Woman is a Weathercock* in 1612. This was followed by *Amends for Ladies*, 1618, from which the song is taken. He is supposed to have collaborated with Massinger in the *Fatal Dowry*, published in 1632. He seems to have been an actor of no mean ability.

VII. WILLIAM STRODE (1599-1644), the only son of Philip Strode, Esq., of Plimpton, was born in Devonshire, at the end of Elizabeth's reign. He was admitted to Christ Church, Oxford, from Westminster School, at the age of nineteen; was chosen public orator in 1629, and attained to proctorial dignity. He was made Canon of Christ Church in 1638. He is said to have been a 'good preacher, an exquisite orator, and an eminent poet.' We have unfortunately little work of his left. He published a tragi-comedy called *The Floating Island*, which Wood calls *Passions Calmed, or the Settling of the Floating Island.*

VIII. THOMAS CAREW (1598?-1639?), the descendant of a Gloucestershire family of no mean repute, was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, though he neither matriculated nor took any degree. After leaving Oxford, he travelled abroad for a time, and on his return obtained the notice and patronage of Charles I., who gave him the appointment of Gentleman of the Privy Chamber and Sewer-in-Ordinary (cup-bearer) to himself. His poems are short and occasional, his longest production being a masque called *Cælum Britannicum*, written in 1634, which was undertaken, in conjunction with Inigo Jones, at the command of the king. None of his shorter poems, except a few that were set to music, were published before his death, but a complete collection was issued in 1640.

IX. HENRY KING (1591-1669) was the son of John King, Bishop of London, and was educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford. He was successively made Chaplain to James I., Archdeacon of Colchester, Dean of Rochester, and Bishop of Chichester in 1641. Though considered a Puritan, and promoted chiefly to please that party, he was ejected by them from his bishopric, which, however, he recovered at the Restoration. Among other works chiefly theological and devotional, including *A deep groan fetched at the funeral of the incomparable and glorious monarch Charles I.*, in 1657 a volume of his *Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets* was published without his consent, but dedicated to him by the publishers.

X. SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609-1641), a courtier from his birth, was the son of the Comptroller of the Household to Charles I. At the age of nineteen he wandered on the Continent for four years seeking adventure. He served one campaign

under Gustavus Adolphus. He warmly espoused Charles' cause, and raised a troop of horse in his service. After the downfall of the Royalists, he fled to France, and thence to Spain, where he fell into the clutches of the Inquisition. The manner of his death is variously related. According to some accounts he poisoned himself; according to others his death resulted from a rusty nail in his boot, which produced mortification. He published the drama of *Aglaura* in 1638, and the *Ballad of a Wedding* in 1640. His other works were collected after his death, and published under the title of *Fragmenta Aurea* (1646).

XI. RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658), the son of Sir William Lovelace, Knight, was educated at Oxford. A member of Parliament for Kent, he was chosen by that county to deliver a petition to the House of Commons, praying that the king might be restored to his rights. For this he was thrown into prison, but liberated on heavy bail. He was again imprisoned in 1648, during which time he collected his poems, which he published in 1649 under the title of *Lucasta*. Lucasta is supposed to be for *lux casta*, a name which he bestowed on Miss Lucy Sacheverell, the lady to whom he was attached, who, hearing false news of his death, married another. Two dramas of his, *The Scholar*, 1634, *The Soldier*, 1640, are lost. His *Posthume Poems* were published in 1659.

XII. THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE (1612-1650).—James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was born at Montrose, studied at St. Andrews, and subsequently made a prolonged stay on the Continent. In 1637 he joined the Covenanters in their resistance to Episcopacy. In 1639 he went over to the Royalist side, and was made commander of the royal forces in Scotland. After a series of brilliant victories, he was defeated at Philiphaugh by Leslie, and fled to Norway in 1646. In 1650 he returned, but failed in raising an army, and was hanged and quartered at Edinburgh. Nothing by Montrose was published during his lifetime.

XIII. EDWARD, LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY (1581-1648), was born at Eyton, in Shropshire (3rd March). At the age of twelve he was sent to Oxford; when about eighteen he presented himself at the Court of Elizabeth. At the coronation of James I. he was created a Knight of the Bath; at twenty-five he went to Paris, one of the first of a series of visits abroad; in 1619 he was chosen ambassador to France

at the instigation of Villiers; his ambassadorship lasted till 1624. Six months after his return he was elevated to the Irish peerage, with the title of Lord Castle-Island—the name of an estate in Kerry inherited by his wife. On 7th May 1629, Charles I. accorded him the English peerage long promised him by Buckingham. He occupied a seat in the Council of War in 1632, and again in 1637. He was the author of various works—*De Religione Gentilium*, *De Veritate*, *A History of the Reign of Henry VIII.*, and the famous *Autobiography*. A collection of his poems, written at various periods throughout his life, was published by his brother Henry seventeen years after Lord Herbert's death. During the Civil Wars he played the part of an opportunist. After the taking of his residence, Montgomery Castle, by the Parliamentarian forces in 1644, Herbert, almost destitute, retired to London, where he lived upon a pension until his death on 20th August 1648. (See *Autobiography* in the 'Camelot Series.')

XIV. ANONYMOUS. From 'Wit Restored,' 1658; Walter Porter's 'Madrigals and Airs,' 1632; Lawes' 'Third Book of Airs,' 1653; and John Cotgrave's 'Wit's Interpreter,' 1655.

XV. FRANCIS QUARLES (1592-1644), a native of Essex, was educated at Cambridge, and became afterwards a student of Lincoln's Inn. He successively held the offices of cup-bearer to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, secretary to Archbishop Usher, and Chronologer to the City of London. He suffered much for the royal cause, and his death is attributed to the constant harrying and vexation which he met with at the hands of the Puritans. Among his numerous works, the best known is *The Divine Emblems*, 1635.

XVI. RICHARD CRASHAW (1613?-1650?) was the son of a preacher at the Temple Church, London. In 1627 he was a Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge. He is said to have been an eloquent preacher. He was ejected from his Fellowship by the Puritans; removed to France, and adopted the Roman Catholic faith. From France, Crashaw removed to Italy, where, by the influence of Henrietta Maria, he was made Canon of the Church of Loretto. His works are *Epigrammatica Sacra*, 1634; *Steps to the Altar*, 1646.

XVII. HENRY VAUGHAN (1622?-1695) was a native of Brecknockshire, who deserted law for medicine, and was successful in neither professions. He published *Secular Poems*

in 1646, but in later years, becoming deeply devout, grew ashamed of his youthful muse. Among his other works are *Olor Iscanus*, 1651; *Silex Scintillans*, Part i., 1650; Part ii., 1655; *Thalia Rediviva*, 1678.

XVIII. WILLIAM HABINGTON (1605-1654?) was born at Hindlip Hall, near Worcester. His mother is said to have been the writer of the famous letter to Lord Monteagle which disclosed the Gunpowder Conspiracy. He married Lucia, daughter of Lord Powis, on whom he bestowed the fanciful name of Castara, and in whose honour he published a volume of poems bearing that name (1634). He also wrote a tragi-comedy, *The Queen of Arragon*, acted in 1640, and *A History of Edward II.* in the same year. His life was throughout quiet and uneventful, and he is one of the few poets who took no side in the Civil War.

XIX. THOMAS RANDOLPH (1606?-1634?) was a native of Dodford, in Northamptonshire, and an alumnus of Trinity College, Cambridge. He seems to have been known to Ben Jonson, who at any rate regarded him as one of his 'sons.' Few poets of the age showed a more brilliant promise than Randolph, when he died—it is said—a victim to intemperate habits at the early age of twenty-nine. His chief works are three dramas, *The Jealous Lovers*, 1632 (the only work published in his lifetime), *The Muses' Looking Glass*, and *Amyntas*, both in 1638.

XX. WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT (1610-1643), who, like Randolph, was one of Ben Jonson's adopted 'sons,' was the son of an innkeeper at Cirencester. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1638 took holy orders. He was an ardent Royalist, and paid the penalty by imprisonment when the Parliamentary forces arrived at Oxford in 1642. He is said to have died of the fever known as 'camp disease' in 1643. He enjoyed an extraordinary reputation among his contemporaries, no less than fifty-six copies of eulogistic verses being prefixed to the edition of his works published posthumously in 1651.

XXI. ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667), the posthumous son of a London stationer, was educated at Westminster School (king's scholar) and Trinity College, Cambridge. After being ejected from Cambridge he removed to Oxford, and afterwards acted as secretary to the Queen during her exile in Paris. At the Restoration he came back and lived in

retirement at Barnes and Chertsey till his death. He published a volume of poems, *Poetical Blossoms*, at the age of fifteen, in 1633. *Love's Riddle*, a comedy, was published in 1638; *The Mistress* in 1647; *The Guardian* in 1650. The first folio edition of his works appeared in 1668. He enjoyed an extraordinary reputation in his day, was regarded as the first poet of his age, and was buried in state in the Abbey by the side of Chaucer and Spencer.

XXII. SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT (1606-1668), the son of a vintner at Oxford (according to a story of the day a natural son of Shakespeare), had a long and varied career. On the death of Ben Jonson in 1638 he was appointed Laureate. He became manager of Drury Lane; was sent to the Tower in consequence of a political intrigue; escaped to France; returned and was knighted for military skill and bravery; returned to France and began his great epic poem *Gondibert;* was captured by a Parliamentary man-of-war when attempting to escape to Virginia; imprisoned at Cowes; released, it is said, on the interposition of Milton; established a theatre in which he was successful both as a manager and a dramatist; and died full of years and honours. His *Gondibert* (1651) enjoyed a great reputation in its day but his fame did not survive him long.

XXIII. JOHN CLEVELAND (1613-1658) was born at Loughborough, the son of Thomas Cleveland, usher at Burton's Charity School. He was admitted to Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1627, and removed to St. John's on being elected fellow in 1634. He lived at Cambridge nine years, 'the delight and ornament of St. John's society'—until he was ejected by the Parliamentary visitors. He joined the Royalist army at Oxford, and was made Judge Advocate. After the surrender of the Royalists he was imprisoned, but released by Cromwell after three months, after which he lived in retirement, supporting himself chiefly by teaching. Before 1656 a small volume of poems by J. C. was extensively circulated. In 1677 a complete copy of his works was published.

XXIV. SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE (1618-1702) was born in Goldsmith's Rents, Cripplegate, and was educated privately in England, and then sent abroad on the customary tour. After his father's death, in 1641, he succeeded to the Clerkship of His Majesty's Ordnance, which his father had held, but the Rebellion soon deprived him of this office, and

he was punished for his attachment to the king by confinement in the custody of the Usher of the Black Rod. After his release he was for some time in great poverty, until he met with his kinsman, Thomas Stanley, father of the poet of the same name. He published a translation of Seneca's *Medea*, and in 1651 he issued *Poems and Translations.* The Marquis of Halifax appointed him superintendent of his affairs, and he was afterwards made travelling tutor to the nephew of Lady Savile, the Marquis's mother. After the Restoration he regained his place in the Ordnance. In 1675 he published *The Sphere of Marcus Manilius made an English poem;* in 1679 a translation of Seneca's *Troades.* He was knighted by the king in 1682.

XXV. SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE (1608-1666), the brother of Lord Fanshawe, was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards became Secretary of the English embassy at Madrid. At the outbreak of the Civil War he joined the Royalists, and was Secretary of War to Prince Rupert. He published a translation of the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini in 1648, and the *Lusiad* of Camoens in 1658. With the latter production he issued a number of miscellaneous poems. He also translated the *Odes* of Horace and the fourth book of the *Æneid.* He was made a baronet in 1650, was taken prisoner at Worcester, but permitted to go at large on bail. After the Restoration he was appointed ambassador to Spain and Portugal, and died at Madrid in 1666.

XXVI. THOMAS STANLEY (1625-1678), the only son of Sir Thomas Stanley, knight, was born at Cumberlow, in Hertfordshire, and is chiefly remembered among scholars for his edition of *Æschylus.* He was also the author of a *History of Philosophy.* He was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, and afterwards lived in the Middle Temple. A volume of verses was published by him in 1651.

XXVII. EDMUND WALLER (1605-1687) was born at Coleshill, in Warwickshire. His mother was a sister of John Hampden. He was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, and elected Member of Parliament for Agmondesham at the age of seventeen. At the age of twenty-five he married a rich heiress, who died in the same year. He then paid court to Lady Dorothy Sydney, whom he celebrates as Sacharissa. This lady, however, married the Earl of Sunderland. In 1643 the poet was arrested as one of the leaders

of a plot against the parliament, was fined £10,000, banished, and with some difficulty escaped with his life. He wrote a panegyric on Oliver Cromwell, and an address of congratulation to Charles II. on the Restoration. He was made Provost of Eton, and died at Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, in 1687. His poems were first published in 1645, and were frequently reprinted, always with additions, during his lifetime.

XXVIII. SIR JOHN DENHAM (1615-1668), the son of the chief baron of Exchequer in Ireland, was born in Dublin and educated at Oxford. He was made Governor of Farnham Castle by Charles I., and was chiefly instrumental in carrying on the king's secret correspondence when he was in the hands of the army. After the execution of Charles, Denham resided for some time in France, but returned at the Restoration. He became subject to fits of insanity in later life. He published a tragedy styled *The Sophy* in 1642, and his great poem, *Cooper's Hill*, anonymously in the same year.

XXIX. ALEXANDER BROME (1620-1666) was an attorney in the Lord Mayor's court. In 1654 he published a comedy entitled *The Cunning Lovers*, and a collected edition of his songs and poems was issued in 1661, with commendatory verses by Izaak Walton and others. He was also a contributor to and editor of a variorum translation of *Horace* published in 1666. He is chiefly noted for his bacchanalian lyrics and his spirited epigrams and songs in ridicule of the Rump.

XXX. CHARLES COTTON (1630-1687), the friend of Izaak Walton, was the son of Sir George Cotton of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. On his father's death in 1658 he inherited a much-encumbered estate, and during the whole of his life he seems to have been more or less hampered by pecuniary difficulties. In his fortieth year he obtained a captain's commission in the army, and afterwards he married his second wife, the Countess Dowager of Ardglass. He lived the life of a quiet country gentleman for the most part, occupying himself with angling and horticulture. He was a voluminous writer, his works including *Scarronides; or, Virgil Travestie*, *Instructions how to Angle for a Trout and Grayling in a Clear Stream* (a supplement to the *Complete Angler*), translations of Montaigne's *Essays*, Corneille's *Horace*, etc., besides poems on various occasions.

XXXI. SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE (1634-1694) was educated at Cambridge, and after travelling on the Continent he entered himself at one of the Inns of Court. In 1664 his comedy, *The Comical Revenge; or, Love in a Tub*, was acted and met with great success. This was followed in 1668 by *She Would if She Could*, and in 1676 by *The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter*, his best work. He is said to have been killed by falling down the stairs of his house after a carouse at Ratisbon, where he resided as British plenipotentiary. But the date and manner of his death are alike uncertain.

XXXII. SIR CHARLES SEDLEY (1639-1701), the son of Sir John Sedley of Aylesford, Kent, was educated at Oxford. He was a great favourite with Charles II., at whose court he passed much of his time. He distinguished himself by uniformly opposing the unconstitutional policy of James II., and had a great share in bringing about the Revolution. His most famous work was the comedy of *The Mulberry Garden*, which appeared in 1668. Another comedy, styled *Bellamira*, was so unfavourably received that he withdrew from the stage. His poetical and dramatic works were collected and published in 1719.

XXXIII. THE EARL OF DORSET (1637-1706).—Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, was born January 24th, 1637. Before succeeding to the peerage he represented East Grinstead in Parliament. He served as a volunteer in the first Dutch war under the Duke of York, and, as it is generally said, wrote the song 'To all you ladies' on the night before the engagement in which Opdam, the Dutch admiral, was blown up with all his crew. He was Lord of the Bedchamber to Charles II., and Chamberlain of the Household to William and Mary. He was the friend and patron of almost all the poets of his time, from Waller to Pope.

XXXIV. THE EARL OF MULGRAVE (1649-1721).—John Sheffield, created Duke of Buckinghamshire in 1703, served with Prince Rupert against the Dutch, and, in order to learn the art of war under Turenne, served for a time in the French army. He was a member of the Privy Council of James II., but acquiesced in the Revolution, and afterwards became a member of the Cabinet Council of William and Mary. His two principal works are the *Essay on Satire*, which Dryden is said to have revised, and the *Essay on Poetry*, 1682.

XXXV. THE EARL OF ROCHESTER (1647-1680).—John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, was born in Oxfordshire, and educated at Wadham College, Oxford. He succeeded to the title and estates in 1659. He served in the fleet under Lord Sandwich, and distinguished himself at the attack on Bergen. Of the profligate courtiers that surrounded Charles II. Rochester was the worst, and he early wore himself out. An edition of his poems appeared in 1690.

[As authorities conflict, the dates of births and deaths of the above writers, and dates of their works, have, for the sake of uniformity, been adopted from Mr. Ryland's *Chronological Outlines of English Literature*, where they are given in that volume.]

NOTES.

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3. *Her Visage.* First, second, and sixth stanzas omitted.

16. *The Farewell.* Burns has rendered this song, with many alterations, into Scotch. He says, 'This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, Queens of Scotland. I think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scotch dress.'

17. *The Manly Heart.* This song appeared in its present form in 1615, appended to Wither's *Fidelia.* It was published again in the *Mistress of Philarete,* and was reprinted again and again—a fact which will account for the number of various readings. There is a song attributed, though with very slight authority, to Sir Walter Raleigh, which bears a striking resemblance to this.

20. *The Poet's Complaint.* From the *Mistress of Philarete* (1622). First and last four stanzas omitted.

22. *On Chloris walking in the Snow.* Taken from *Musarum Deliciæ* (1656).

25. *The Primrose.* A poem almost exactly similar to this is found in Herrick's *Hesperides.* This remark applies also to *The Enquiry* on page 30. The two poems are to be found in the edition of Carew's *Poems* published in 1640. Herrick published his *Hesperides* in 1648. As Carew's volume was not published until after his death, it is possible that a mistake has occurred.

37. *Celia's Beauty,* l. 6. *Impt.*—A term from falconry. 'To imp a feather' is to engraft or add a new feather for a broken one. Imp originally means graft or scion.

38. *Song.* Last stanza omitted.

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46. *Sic Vita.* Hazlitt (*Elizabethan Literature*) attributes these lines to Francis Beaumont. They are to be found in King's *Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets*, published in 1657 without the consent of the author, but dedicated to him.

49. *Ballad upon a Wedding.* Following the example of previous editors, the arrangement of stanzas has been slightly altered; the fourth, fifth, tenth, fourteenth, and last four stanzas omitted. Written on the occasion of the marriage of Lord Broghill with Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk.

50 *No sun upon an Easter-day is half so fine a sight*, l. 17. An allusion to the popular superstition that the sun danced upon Easter Day; a superstition combatted by Sir Thomas Browne in his 'Vulgar Errors,' 1646

55. *The Question.* Last stanza omitted.

57. *Barley-Break.* An old rustic game played by six persons three of each sex coupled by lot. A space of ground was marked off into three divisions. The middle division was called 'Hell.' The couple formed last were condemned to 'Hell,' and had to catch the others who advanced across. The couple in 'Hell' could not separate until they had made a capture, while the other two couples were allowed to separate when hard pressed, and apparently to interchange partners.

65. *To Lucasta, on going beyond the Seas.* Second stanza omitted.

69. *It is already Morn.* Last two stanzas omitted.

70. *To Amarantha.* Last three stanzas omitted.

71. *To Althea*, l. 7. *Birds* is commonly substituted for *Gods*.

73. *To his Love.* Penultimate stanza omitted.

76. *The Kiss.* Two lines omitted.

77. *Madrigal.* Last three lines omitted.

79. *To B. R., for her Bracelets.* This and the following selection taken from *Wit Restored* (1658), a miscellany edited by Dr. James Smith, Archdeacon of Barnstaple, and Sir John Mennis, Chief Comptroller of the Navy in Charles I.'s reign. According to Anthony à Wood most of the poems are Dr. Smith's own, though a fair number are to be found in the works of well-known poets of the day.

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91-93. *Wishes to his Supposed Mistress.* In the original there are forty-two verses.

94. *Chloris.* Extract.

97. *To Castara.* Last stanza omitted.

101. *To Roses in the Bosom of Castara.* Last stanza omitted.

102. *We Saw, and Woo'd each Other's Eyes.* Penultimate stanza omitted.

104. *His Mistress.* From *An Elegie.*

105. *Ode.* Full title: *Ode to Master Anthony Stafford, to hasten him into the Country.* Conjectured as being the last lines Randolph wrote in London.

109-10. *From An Eclogue on the noble Assemblies revived on Cotswold Hills by Master Robert Dover.* See an interesting article on these games in Mr. Gosse's *Seventeenth Century Studies.*

116. *Charm Song.* From *The Jealous Lovers.*

118. *Invocation.* Fragment from *The Conceited Peddler.*

127. *Without and Within.* Fragment.

129. *To his Mistress.* Last stanza omitted.

130. *The Chronicle.* First two stanzas only, and a preposterous catalogue of eighteen or twenty ladies thus omitted.

134. *The Dying Lover.* Three stanzas omitted.

136. *A Song of Sack.* First line and last stanza omitted.

138. *On Phillis, walking before Sunrise.* Six lines omitted.

140. *There's no Dallying with Love.* Fourth and fifth stanzas omitted.

143. *Violets in Thaumantia's Bosom.* Fragment.

149. *Friendship.* Last stanza omitted.

150. *Farewell.* Last stanza omitted.

161. *To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing.* Last stanza omitted.

171. *To his Friend that had vowed Small-Beer,* l. 6. *And, without Bacchus, Venus soon grows cold.* An adaptation of the Latin proverb, *Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.* Last stanza omitted.

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172. *Song.* Last line omitted.

175. *To Chloris.* Last three stanzas omitted.

176. *Come, Let's Mind our Drinking.* Penultimate stanza omitted.

182. *Song.* Third stanza omitted.

183. *To Chloris.* Two lines omitted.

186. *Song.* Third stanza omitted.

188. *Song.* Fragment of this famous song.

189. *Song Written at Sea.* Dorset professed to have written this on the eve of the engagement with the Dutch (June 5, 1665). Dr. Johnson remarks on this, 'I have heard from the late Earl of Orrery, who was likely to have good hereditary intelligence, that Lord Buckhurst (as Dorset was then) had been a week employed upon it, and only retouched or finished it on the memorable evening.'

192. *On the Countess of Dorchester. Locks*, a rhyme substituted for propriety.

196-7. *Songs.* Dates not ascertained prior to going to press, but these songs are sufficiently in keeping to warrant inclusion.

200. *Upon Drinking in a Bowl*, l. 11. *Maestricht*, taken by Louis XIV. in 1673. *Sidrophel*, l. 15. The name under which William Lilly (1602-1681), the famous astrologer of the day, is satirised by Butler in *Hudibras*, Part ii., 3.

209. *Song.* First stanza omitted.

211. *To his Mistress.* First two stanzas omitted.

213. *Song.* First stanza omitted.

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